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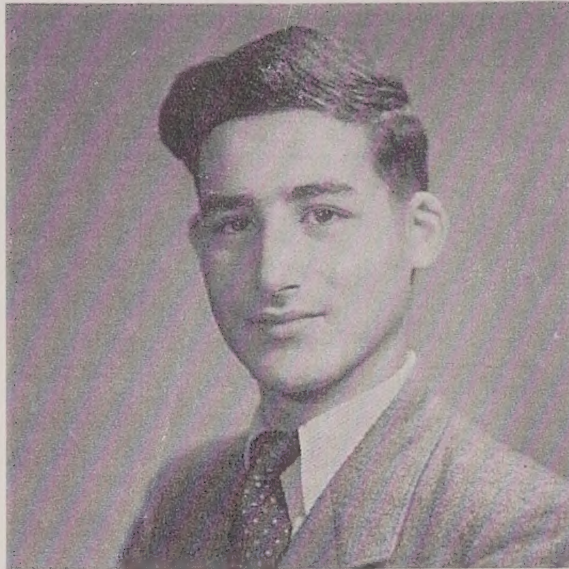
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JOHN GOLDMEIER:

MEMOIRS

PART I

COLUMBIA, MARYLAND

JANUARY, 2000



TABLE OF CONTENTS

	Pages
Introduction:	1
Germany, 1928-1939:	2
England, 1939-1945:	27
America, 1945-1961:	63
Conclusion:	102

MEMOIRS OF JOHN GOLDMEIER: PART 1

INTRODUCTION

Why write my memoirs? Many people, students I have had over the years, friends, and those in my immediate family have said to me that I should sit down and commit something to paper. I had always, until now, shrugged off these suggestions in part because I was still working and had "no time". But now that I am 70 years old and have just retired I seem to have run out of excuses. Perhaps those who suggested that I do this had a point, however, in that my earlier experiences, especially my childhood and adolescence in Germany and England and my later immigration to this country, were experiences that were somewhat different than the norm for others my age growing up in the United States. And so I gradually became convinced that I should apply myself to this effort. I also began to think that perhaps our children, in the course of reading these memoirs, may develop some new perspectives about what I may have told them or about something that may never have come up before. Our grandchildren especially, two generations away from the events in these pages, may also find something that captures their interest at whatever age they may read this. In this connection, I don't know how many times I wondered why, when growing up and as a young adult, I simply did not ask my father or mother more questions about their past or, if something interested me, why I even hesitated to ask. Yet, there often seemed a reason not to ask, like not wanting to dredge up memories that might have been painful, or just wanting to live in the present and deal with tasks that seemed more pressing. However, rather than reproach myself for the inevitable gaps that must appear in this story when I simply do not know something, I can at least try to be as open as I can now. Perhaps I can also shed some insights on questions that keep arising from the difficult times that will be the subject here. Hopefully, this more personal account of my experiences and thoughts will also add to the usefulness of this endeavor.

I have titled these memoirs "Part 1", because they are really more directly concerned with me, rather than with my wife, Dottie, and our three children. Writing about our family would constitute "Part 2" and this is not the time to write memoirs about that because, thankfully, the events during the latter time period are well within the memory span of those who continue to share that portion of my life with me. Bringing these memoirs, Part 1, up to the time that Dottie and I were married also seemed appropriate because life does change at the point of marriage when the unit of attention becomes "we" rather than "I".

CHAPTER 1: GERMANY 1928-1939

Our Family

I was born on July 20th, 1928 into a family which included my father, Isidor (Isi to my mother but Vati or Vater to me) who was 46 at the time, my mother who was 23, and my brother who had preceded me by about 18 months. I was born in Frankfurt-on-Maine, a large city in South-Central Germany which has now become the financial capital of the new European Union. We first lived in an apartment on the Neue Mainzerstrasse, No 73. The building which had about four floors and an attic had one seven-room apartment on each floor. We moved from there to another apartment building when I was about a year old. The building where I was born adjoined my father's business on the Neue Rothhofstrasse 23. Both of the apartment buildings in which I lived while in Germany were destroyed in the war, or later during the rebuilding. A large skyscraper, one of the many banks in Frankfurt, now stands at the Neue Mainzerstrasse address. That area is in the center of the city near the Opernplatz, a big square on which still stands a glorious Opera House which also had been bombed but is now rebuilt. The building in which we first lived was owned by my father and his brother and business partner Jakob, and the one we then moved to belonged to our grandmother.

When I was born, I was delivered by a Dr. Rosenthal who, incidentally, had a son who went to school with my brother Ralph. The good doctor committed suicide around 1938, probably despairing of ever being able to get out of Germany and making a living somewhere else. I remember mother later explaining to me that, when my brother and I were born, there had been a high incidence of puerperal fever in Frankfurt hospitals. Women at the time still died from infections in childbirth. Thus, mother would not go to a hospital and we were both born at home. I suppose we were lucky that Ralph's and my birth were without complications!

Father's Family

Our father was relatively old by American standards when he married our mother who was 23 years younger. Father was born in 1882. The disparity in ages was not so unusual in the German-Jewish culture because women generally expected their husbands to be well-established by the time they married, and this took time. It was also difficult to achieve because many men like my father left large families in rural areas and came to the city without any resources except their own ambition, their native intelligence, and their drive. Women were not expected to work after marriage.

I never knew my father's parents. They had died before I was born. My paternal grandfather's first name was Moses and my brother, as the first born son, was called after him through his middle name. However, Moses was changed to Martin to make it more German, part of an assimilationist trend which crept into the lives of even the more observant Jews. We also had Hebrew names which were used then, and still are now, in calling congregants to read a portion of the Torah (the five books of Moses). I also picked up somewhere that my grandfather had two Hebrew names

because he had had a serious illness-- I was never told what illness-- from which he had recovered. It had been a Jewish custom that when a person recovered from a serious illness it was like a new lease on life and so, in gratitude to God I suppose, another name was added.

Father was one of three brothers and three sisters, born and raised in Klein-Langheim, a small village near Fuerth which is near Nuremberg in the upper part of Bavaria. The three sisters were all subsequently killed in concentration camps, as was one brother who did manage to escape to Holland but was caught there. One sister's married name was Guldmann and she and her husband had three children, two sons and a daughter. One son survived the war in France. The second son later lived in Baltimore. His widow is now in her nineties and we see her, Adele, occasionally. She and her husband had a children's clothing store where our children went regularly around Chanukah to get an item of clothing. The third Guldmann cousin, daughter Claire, also lived in Baltimore and died not long ago.

The brother who was deported by the Germans in Holland was our father's business partner and he was also the father of Erich and Anneliese, another set of cousins. Erich studied medicine at the University of Berlin and later became a psychiatrist. He lived in White Plains, N.Y and is, in turn, the father of Susan Arroyo, born Goldmeier. Anneliese, who sometimes baby-sat for us when we were very small, was later married to a Rabbi and had two boys and two girls, the Posens, who live in England and Israel.

The third brother, Louis, and his wife were saved by their son, Justin who was in England in 1939 as the war threatened. Justin also was instrumental in saving the lives of his brother and ultimately our whole family, first Ralph and I, and then our parents. He was able to obtain visas for us to escape to England. Justin and his wife had two boys, Michael and David who now live in England. Michael and his wife Phillipa have three children and David and his wife Tricia I think have eight. Both families are very observant Jews. David is a physician at St. Mary's Hospital in Paddington, London, where Sir Alexander Fleming discovered Penicillin around 1944. David specializes in sexually transmitted diseases. Michael is a lawyer. He is active on a number of boards, like the one that had input into who should be the Chief Rabbi of the United Kingdom. David's wife, Tricia, had some training in psychotherapy at the prestigious Tavistock Clinic in Hampstead, London, but she gave up this career path, finding it more satisfying, so she told me once, to have a family which includes many children.

A little more should be said about our cousin Justin. He died in 1983 in London. He had always taken an interest in our family, perhaps more so after our father died and again later, when I was stationed in France from 1952 to 1955. I visited Justin and his family from time to time, at Passover for instance. I could get there in about four hours from my military base in France. There had seemed to be a special bond between Justin and my parents. This may have been because, when Justin was about 14 or 16 years old our father had him come to Frankfurt from the country to learn about the wholesale wine business. He had been living in the little village, our ancestral home shall we call it, and like many young Jewish people raised in large families, he must have been encouraged early in his life to come to the big city to learn a trade or a business. Our father had left

the village similarly a generation earlier when he and Jakob started the business in Frankfurt. Justin was very bright, learned fast, and was soon sent to England and Belgium to be our business representative. He learned English quickly and joked that his accent did not bother him because King George I, from the royal lineage of Hannover, could not speak English at all when he had been crowned perhaps 200 years earlier. Justin had developed some valuable contacts that got all of us to England.

There was also a sister, Lenchen. She lived in Nuremberg and was married to a man by the name of Kohlmaier, I am not sure of the spelling. This man had a brother or cousin in Hollywood who was a famous movie producer. I know father wrote to him for help in coming to America. He never received an answer. We found a New York address for him in my father's belongings when father died. The New York address was a fancy club in the Times Square area, called "The Lambs", for Hollywood people when they were in the city. When I later worked in that area I went to this club one day and left a message. There was still no response from him. However, he was a fine producer who called himself Lee Colmar. I saw a film he made, an adaptation of "The Late George Appley", and at age sixteen I thought it was quite good.

The third sister, Mina was widowed or divorced and lived in Frankfurt. We sometimes visited her. Father was very solicitous of her. Although she owned the apartment house in which she was living I think father helped her out now and then and I vaguely remember some discussions between my grandmother, mother, and father because they thought he was overly solicitous of her.

So, in summary, of our father's five siblings, the two in Nuremberg were eventually taken to concentration camps with their husbands and killed. The third sister, Mina, who was single and who lived in Frankfurt, suffered the same fate. Our uncle Jacob and his wife who escaped to Holland were eventually caught there and deported to Theresienstadt, a concentration camp, where they died. Our father, and Justin's father Louis, were the only ones to survive the Holocaust by a few years from the comparative safety of England. The six brothers and sisters had altogether nine children, Ralph and I and our seven cousins. Interestingly all of them were saved one way or other when they managed to escape to England or the United States. Ralph and I were the youngest cousins and are now the only surviving ones.

The last time I saw my father's birthplace was when I was about six years old and went on a visit to my aunts in Nuremberg. I remember the town square in Nuremberg with the small houses and their distinctive roofs that looked like a picture out of a storybook. I also remember the little house in Klein Langheim where our family still lived. Cousin Justin's parents, my uncle and aunt, occupied the house at the time I was there. From this house and adjoining stables they pursued the trade which a lot of Jews at the time and much earlier had practiced. They were "Viehaendler", traders in livestock including cattle and horses. They bought these animals young, nurtured them, and then sold them. The Jews owned little or no land because of discriminatory laws and so most of the animals were kept in stables. My most distinct memory of Klein Langheim was the ovens for baking unleavened bread, Matzot. These ovens were huge and looked something like the brick-oven pizza ovens one now sees in Italian restaurants. Our family must have baked matzos for all the

Jewish community when it was time for Passover. The ovens actually frightened me a bit because, at the time, like a lot of German children, I was familiar with Grimm's fairy tales and these looked like something out of Hansel and Gretel.

I should also add that the Goldmeiers were very prolific in Germany. There were some in Wuerzburg and Fulda also, brothers or cousins of my grandfather. When spelled like our name, we are all related. When we were in Chicago and I was teaching at the University of Chicago, a girl once came up to me and said her uncle was a Goldmeier. We established that her uncle's grandfather and my great-grandfather were either cousins or brothers. The Chicago Goldmeiers were very nice to us when we later got to know each other. I suppose family is family.

Mother's Family

Our mother's family was similarly rooted in Germany as far back as anybody remembers. We used the initial of our mother's name, Erna, for Karen's middle name, Elaine, as is the custom in some Jewish families. In the same way Barry's middle name is James, the "J" and "I" being interchangeable in the way my father wrote his first name, Isidor. The custom in Jewish families is not to call a child after a living parent, so there are few "juniors" --perhaps to encourage individuality -- but a deceased parent is often honored with a middle name for the first-born son or daughter. Our mother was born in 1905. She was born in Mainz, a historic town on the Rhine river. It was known, among other things, as the place of origin of the first printed bible, the Gutenberg Bible, which is still on display at a museum there. It was also a stopping-off place for the Crusaders in the middle ages and the scene of some massacres of Jews. It is only about 40 miles from Frankfurt on a bend of the river where the river Maine flows into it. This recalls that mother tended to be afraid of water, like lakes and rivers. She was always nervous if I drove too near a bridge-railing or in a lane too near a lake. I am convinced that this fear came about as a result of the river banks in Germany, as I remember them, having no railings, making it easy for children to fall in the river where the strong current could sweep them away. Very likely this was why, even in the winter, she took my brother and I to an indoor pool to learn how to swim. This was when we were only five or six years old and I did wonder why learning how to swim was so important in the winter time. However, I am running ahead of myself!

Our mother's maiden name was Lippmann and our grandmother's maiden name was Odenheimer. I think our mother had more formal education than our father. I think she did have a high school education but no college. When our parents were growing up what mattered most was that one could read well, write well, do arithmetic, and had some Hebrew and Jewish education. Unless one went into a learned profession like medicine, law, physics, architecture, and so on--which was not easy because universities still discriminated against Jews, sometimes even when they had converted to get around this--it was not necessary to go to college for a liberal arts education. There was so much other cultural stimulation that all young people were encouraged to seek out. Even children were taken to the theater very early in their lives, especially during the Christmas season, when there would be many plays about nursery characters. I remember once a frightening rendition of Puss-in-Boots.

In my mother's generation and in the cities a Gymnasium education was, however, encouraged. A Gymnasium is the American equivalent of a high school but a little more stringent with entrance requirements that not everyone could meet. One graduated from a Gymnasium, then and now, with the "Abitur" examination. The French also continue to have a similar system with their "Bachaut". In Germany the Abitur was taken at about age eighteen. I think mother had the Abitur but father did not. Jewish children began to learn Hebrew at about age seven as did Ralph and I. I believe mother also spent some time in Lausanne, Switzerland where she briefly went to a sort of finishing school for girls. That is where she learned French which she improved further when our grandmother rented a room in their Mainz apartment to a French officer who was in the French army of occupation in the Rhineland after the 1914-1918 World War. Before our mother met our father she worked in a bank.

My maternal grandfather also died before I was born, perhaps just a year or two earlier. I am not certain what his occupation was, except that he was a business man. Ralph is sure that he was a distributor for butcher supplies. I am just as sure that he was a flour distributor and wholesaler. I understand he suffered an injury at one point when a heavy bag of grain fell on him. So who is right is a question that has to be left open as there is no-one we can ask at this point. Mother quite often took us to Mainz to see our grandmother when she still lived there. The train-ride there was always interesting but very sooty. The old locomotives drew cars with compartments that had just two doors for either side of the train track. One had to remember to go to the bathroom before one started a trip like that! Our maternal grandfather is buried in the Jewish cemetery in Mainz which I remember visiting as a child.

Our mother was the youngest of three siblings. The oldest, Moritz, died of whooping cough when he was about three. Children suffered much more those days from childhood diseases for which no vaccine or effective treatment existed.. The second oldest was Karl, later americanized to Carl, who was around a fair amount as we were growing up. Carl went to the USA around 1936, when I was about 8.

Our grandmother also came from Southern Germany. We called our grandmother Oma (German for grandma just like Opa is German for grandpa). She was born in Bruchsal in 1873. The reader may perhaps wonder how I still know these dates and places. The reason is that when the situation in Germany became really bad for Jews, our grandmother decided that should the Nazis ever come and arrest someone or deport them, everyone needed to know some basic facts about family members, including last addresses, so that we could later find each other. So we all learned this kind of information and I remember it to this day. Our grandmother came to live with us in Frankfurt beginning when I was about five or six years old.

Our mother had a number of aunts and an uncle on our maternal grandmother's side, the Odenheimers, but none on the Lippmann side that I am aware of. One, aunt Martha, immigrated to Sao Paulo, Brazil where she died in the 1950's near her son. Another aunt, Ida, was able to immigrate to San Francisco where she joined her son's family. The third, Herman, was sent to America as early as the 1920's. He settled down in Chicago (we met his widow when we got there

in 1962). He is the one who sponsored our uncle Carl's immigration around 1936 and then Carl fortunately was able to sponsor us. I will say more about our grandmother when I describe our household . So, after we all originated in Southern Germany , we certainly ended up all over the world

Our grandmother's name came up, curiously, in two incidents that I experienced in Germany. One time I was traveling on the Autobahn (a freeway) while I was stationed in France in the 1950's and going to Frankfurt via Strasbourg. There was a terrible fog which forced me to get off the autobahn at the next exit. It turned out to be the small town of Odenheim. I found a small hotel and the next morning asked the hotel owner if there was a Jewish cemetery in town. He pointed to the top of a hill. I went there and found many Odenheimers buried there. One has to understand that when Jews were allowed have names, like other people, they often called themselves after the places where they lived. So, may be, the Odenheimers came from that small town! The second incident was that I discovered in the 1970's when I was on a visit to Germany that Bruchsal was a small local stop on the Frankfurt-Basel rail-line. The local train I was riding had stopped at the town which still seemed to be very small. If I had blinked I would have missed it!

One brief recollection of my great-grandmother is appropriate here. I met her on a brief visit when I was in Freiburg, in the Black Forest, probably with mother, to visit mother's two aunts, her cousins, and her grandmother. I only remember being ushered into a darkened room which had heavy drapes and many little Persian rugs on which one could trip. These rugs were popular those days and were called "Bruecken" in German, literally bridges that covered bigger carpets or connected them. She was sitting in a high-backed chair at the end of the room, looked very old, and seemed to preside like a queen on her throne. I must have been about five and, as my grandmother was about 60 at the time , I would think my great-grandmother must have been about 85. She died soon after.

Our Parents and Our Home While the Storm Clouds Gathered

In this section I will describe our parents and our household. To understand how we functioned as a family, I will make reference to the circumstances that affected us as well as other Jewish families, as everyone tried to respond to the increasingly harsh burdens of the Nazi persecution. I will also provide a framework that helps explain how our family and other Jews tried to cope after Hitler gained power in 1933. I was about five years old at the time but I was immediately aware of changes like being required to remove the old red-white-and-black flag of the old Germany which had decorated our balcony on national holidays. Our parents were not about to display a flag with the swastika that everyone else, except the Jews, began to hang out. I also was told one day by a Jewish boy with whom I went to school that Jews were no longer German citizens. I asked him what that meant, but he couldn't tell me. It seemed of little consequence to me at the time but the boy was correct because the Nuremberg laws of 1935 had done exactly that, to the point that our immigration papers later read "stateless, formerly German."

Our father was a very resourceful man, quite clever in how he tried to outwit the Nazis. He

was also very hard-working, something that I am told is very common among the Goldmeiers. Everybody also said that he was an excellent business-man. The facts seem to confirm these assessments because the two brothers, Jakob and our father, came to Frankfurt as young men and built a thriving business. They also ended up owning about eight large apartment houses, seven in Frankfurt and one in Berlin.

I would not consider my relationship with my father a close and demonstratively affectionate one but it seems we were getting closer the older I became. He did travel a fair amount on business. German men at the time were, in any case, not generally involved in child-care functions. It seemed father could not really play with children or talk with them. Hard as it is to imagine, in that generation the roles of men and women in Germany were totally different than they are today in the United States. Our father's role was very clear as he seemed to see it. He seemed to see himself as the breadwinner, one who afforded his family the best living possible and guided our religious education and development. He certainly fulfilled both of these functions ably. When, in 1938, our business and our houses were confiscated by the Nazis, father seemed to be a shattered man. It was the only time in my life that I ever saw him cry.

Much of my relationship with my father was in the context of religious activities, as when we walked to the synagogue or when we had small conversations during services when Ralph and I were seated on either side of him. At home on a Sabbath afternoon, after his customary siesta, he would be in a good mood and we might relate more than . Father was never authoritarian, as German men are sometimes depicted, and he never lectured us. In fact he rarely disciplined us, leaving this to our mother. Strangely, he rarely gave us toys or presents, I am not sure why. Perhaps this kind of thing was too frivolous for him and maybe he took life too seriously even though these were indeed difficult times.

Father, when he traveled, always made it a priority to be home for even the lesser Jewish holidays. We could depend on this like clockwork! When he left on a trip, say to Berlin or to Switzerland where he had customers, he sometimes had me stand in front of him with Ralph to bless us. He put his hands on our heads and said the blessing in Hebrew, as was the custom. At times I thought this interruption from my play was a nuisance, but at other times I think that I understood that this was like magic that would protect us while he was gone. Another item I remember is that on one of our walks to the synagogue, Ralph and I on either side of him, I made a comment about parents and children looking after each other. I told my father that parents had much the better deal than children because they supported their children only until they were sixteen or so while, when the parents got older, the children had to support their parents, even their uncles and aunts, much longer. Having large families was still, at that time, seen as a form of "social security" because even in Germany, the country marked by the first efforts in the 1870's under Bismarck to provide for people in old age, one's welfare as one aged was by no means assured. My father seemed startled by my figuring and my statement, smiled, and patted my head affectionately. He repeated the story to my mother later. So whether he was moved by my arithmetic about longevity, or simply by my thinking about such things at the age of about 8, I don't know. Maybe I was telling him to relax because I sensed his preoccupation with what was happening as his livelihood was threatened.

Who knows what entered my head! Perhaps he also saw that I was growing up and that he could talk to me more easily now.

Mother did not usually join us on these walks to the synagogue. She did not always go on the Sabbath although on holidays she was usually there.

In terms of religious practices, father was not a total devotee of the ritual, prohibitions, and requirements of religious observance. While he would reprimand us if we played with scissors on the Sabbath, he was not averse to going to the office after the synagogue. On these detours home he often took my brother and I along. At the office, someone had already opened the mail to see what checks or orders had arrived. Father would never tear paper on the Sabbath or engage in activities that were obviously "work". But it did seem he could make some creative adaptations.

The visits to father's office were a treat for me on Saturdays or whenever he could take me. Father let us talk with the secretaries, bookkeepers, and the skilled workmen, like the coopers he had working in the wine cellar way down under the street. It was very dark in that cellar, and I remember the peculiar smell like that in the cellars in Nappa Valley in California. The huge barrels of wine also fascinated me. I used to watch with rapt attention how wine was drained from the barrels and then bottled, corked, and labeled. I would sit on the high book-keeper stools next to rows of desks with slanting tops like the ones depicted in the films or plays about Scrooge in the Christmas Carol. The stools swivelled around and I sometimes used one as a merry-go-round. The secretaries sometimes had to stop me because it could be unsafe. I also played with the stamps (the ones that were used to stamp a document, not postage stamps) which were always plentiful in a German enterprise. Once I even got drunk! I think I might have been seven or eight. Father tasted all the wine from small bottles which were arranged on a round table that could be turned like a "lazy-Susan". He looked at the wine in the light, took a sip, washed it around his mouth, and then spat it out into a sink in the tasting room. The ritual fascinated me. While he was out of the room one day, I proceeded to do the same but taking only a little sip from many bottles so I would not be discovered. However, I swallowed everything and spat nothing out so that I promptly became dizzy. When I admitted my delinquency, I was allowed to see that no good could come of this drinking experiment but I was not really punished. I always regretted that I did not learn more about wines when I had the opportunity. The only "lesson" I remember was when father explained the difference between Bordeaux wines and "Porto" (German for Port wine). One came from France, the other from Portugal. Of course, we were not concentrating on the taste but on the pronunciation because, as a child, it all sounded all the same to me.

Mother was an attractive woman who always seemed to be interested in everything and whose face seemed to express this kind of enthusiasm. She had black hair and dark eyes, like me until greyness set in, while my father was fair-complexioned with hazel eyes like Ralph's. She was always kind and rarely spoke a harsh word to us or, for that matter, to anyone else. She was also from an observant, religious background but her spiritual outlook seemed to differ from that of our father who tended to be more ritual-oriented than she. I remember her once calling my father "angstfromm". The word, in translation, literally means that a person so described is religious out

of fear rather than clear conviction, perhaps to insure that they might be protected or "blessed". Jews do not believe in heaven after they die, so the blessings would have to come in this world, not the next. Mother also was observant but she seemed to take more comfort in some of the religious values she had been taught, mainly that decent human beings should be considerate and responsible, and that they should try to learn and grow throughout their lives so that, in whatever way they chose, they can be useful to themselves and others. She was always sensitive to others. This was epitomized in her last words to me on her death-bed in Forest Hills Hospital, Queens, N.Y. in 1964. She was only semi-conscious because of the medication she was taking to still the pain from her cancer which had spread all over her body.. We said little, but when I sneezed she said "Gesundheit", still alert enough to be polite and responsive. She also said "Geh, Du vermisst deinen Zug", loosely translated "go, you have a train to catch", somehow knowing that I had to go back to Chicago that evening but mixing things up so she talked German like in the old days and forgot that people no longer took long-distance trains. This concern about us and others thus was with her to the very end.

While mother had a good understanding of the world around us, good ideas when not overly influenced by others, and good judgment about people, she was often insecure especially in the presence of more dominant women she was sometimes drawn to. This may have been a result of our grandmother's quite strong personality.

As our grandmother was such an important influence in our lives while Ralph and I were growing up, it is important to consider her role as well. She was vital part of our family and this was always very clear. Her presence also made for considerable friction, especially between my father and my grandmother, with my mother usually caught in the middle. Most of the arguments were about our grandmother's firm convictions that Hitler could not be stopped and that our family better make preparations to leave. She became more convinced of this when she went to the United States on a visit around 1937 to see my uncle Carl and to look over the country. She returned, even though she might have stayed in the US, because she feared that father would not make the necessary moves to leave Germany. At least this was my mother's understanding as she later explained to me... By 1938, after Kristallnacht, an event which I will describe later where Jewish property, schools, and synagogues were destroyed, my father was, however, convinced.

Our grandmother had an important part in how we were reared. She was very concerned about us and spoiled us a great deal. For example, she helped me acquire a big collection of toy cars -- Opels, BMW's, Mercedeses and so on--, with which I played endlessly in a little toy village with streets and paper houses that we made ourselves. Incidentally, in the 1930's BMW's were not the prestigious cars they are now. A BMW was more like a Chevrolet to-day. When our "Oma" went for walks with us she often found something to spoil us with. Thus she made frequent stops at a nearby bakery. I remember well how she bought us delicious pastries with whipped cream. She was very intelligent and always well-informed. She constantly listened to news on the radio, but not from the German stations which only broadcast propaganda. She listened to Radio Luxemburg and Radio Strasbourg in France, both broadcasting in German. I was aware of this because the Germans forbade listening to foreign radio stations. This then became a "family secret" we all had to keep.

Grandmother also took some other risks, but she calculated well and hedged her bets. For example I remember her arranging for a boy who was in the Hitler Youth and wore a little button with a swastika to once accompany me to the Opera to see "Die Fledermaus" (The Bat). Seeing an opera was, after all, part of one's cultural education and the Fledermaus was one of a number of operas seen suitable for an initial exposure. She was not about to deprive me of this. Accompanied by this boy who looked blond and aryan compared to my "Jewish" looks (a stereotypical curved nose) she thought we would be reasonably safe. She also bought us a Paul Robeson record and I remember being entranced by his deep voice singing "Old Man River" on a scratchy record on my wind-up record-player. Paul Robeson was a famous black singer in the 1930's. She explained a little about black people in the United States and tried to help me understand, probably not successfully, how a big river like the Mississippi could be seen as an "old man", about as much English as I understood. So our grandmother, in her own way, tried to broaden our world during the times, around 1938, when Jews were no longer allowed in theaters, parks and other public facilities.

Grandmother suffered from diabetes and gave herself injections of insulin. Eventually the diabetes and the war killed her. Because she was not able to leave Germany in a timely manner -- visas and immigration papers were increasingly difficult to obtain--she had to take a terribly crowded ship, the S.S. Navamar. I remember the name of the ship because the conditions on the ship had wide press coverage at the time. The ship left from a Spanish port in September of 1941. By that time, Jews had been denied access to Insulin, and grandmother had already begun to suffer from gangrene in one leg. The boat stopped in the Azores and in Bermuda to disembark the sick and the dead. She was let off in Bermuda and died in Hamilton Hospital after an unsuccessful amputation. The ironic end is that grandmother is now buried on a beautiful hill, a cemetery for "paupers" in the English tradition, next to a church with a beautiful view of the city of Hamilton and the peaceful and blue Atlantic Ocean. It is mass grave where she lies with other unfortunate people like her. Next to her, is another mass-grave of German sailors, the crew of U-boats that stalked allied shipping but were sunk. The bodies of these sailors washed up on the beaches periodically throughout the war. It was a sad visit to Bermuda in the 1980's when Dottie and I discovered much of this.

The above then describes our family in terms of how they must have contributed to forming our personalities as children. I should perhaps add that we also had domestic help. As there were almost no electronic household implements, most families in my family's income range had such help. I do remember though that we had one of the first vacuum cleaners, an American Hoover. Indeed, for a time, to "hoover" was an accepted term for this new cleaning process that was replacing the process of manually beating carpets amidst clouds of dust. We had a sleep-in "maid" until about 1938. Sadly, we had to discharge her when, by law, non-Jews could no longer work for Jews. She had been a valued and accepted part of our household. Maids would usually be single women, who also very often became attached to the families they worked for. Nevertheless they did have some privacy as well, as most apartment houses in our neighborhood had rooms on their top floors for this purpose. They were like the dormers of today and the maids of the apartments in the buildings, about three or four, lived there. They slept there at night and did what they wanted on their days off. I remember how our maid sometimes took me upstairs where that whole floor seemed like a different world to me. We also had a nanny when we were very small but I hardly remember her. Our mother

said she was always reluctant to leave child-raising to others. The maid helped us with the usual household chores but did not cook, our mother and grandmother preferring to do that themselves. However, she brought the food into the dining-room from the kitchen. Kitchens in Germany were strictly for food storage, cooking, and cleaning up. We either ate in the dining room or the large living room. When we ate in the dining room the maid would sometimes be unobtrusively summoned with a silver bell in the center of the dining room table. I was not allowed to press this bell, probably so that I would not acquire exaggerated feelings of importance or entitlement.

We also had a seamstress who came as needed to help our mother with repairing clothes. She had one day in the week that was her day and she worked on one of those indestructible Singer sewing machines with the foot pedal. One did not throw clothes away quite as easily as we do today and buy new ones. Those days German products were well-made and would last almost forever, much to my distress as I always wound up wearing my brother's hand-me-downs. A good seamstress could turn a collar or a cuff so expertly that a shirt would look like new. She would also do the alterations which the ready-to-wear stores were not yet prepared to handle.

Then we had a person who came to do the laundry in a big pot on the stove. Complementing the picture, were trade-persons like those who brought eggs and dairy foods from the country and hard salami and cold cuts from the kosher butcher.

The type of living just described ended somewhat abruptly in 1938. Mainly this was because of the pressure Jewish families were feeling from the accelerating persecution. The prohibition against non-Jewish domestic help also made life harder. Then, food soon became scarcer when the Germans started to stockpile it for the war. In addition, industries were being converted for wartime production and civilian goods were often hard to obtain or second-best, sometimes jokingly called "Ersatz" (substitute). This made our parents experts in judging quality products, some of which could still be found and taken out of the country when one emigrated.

The Persecution

To put my growing up from 1928-1938 in a proper context, it is necessary to understand the political climate as it changed during these times. It required constant adaptation if Jews were to lead a reasonably normal life as long as possible. This is especially true for children because our parents tried to shelter us as much as possible for as long as possible and to keep us out of harms way from incidents that could occur on the street at any time. Thus our lives, and those of all Jews in Germany were, first of all, affected by the ever-increasing severity of our persecution. I have conceptualized this persecution in a framework which I have also discussed in some professional papers. It is based on my experience and on my fairly extensive reading of the literature dealing with the Holocaust including the rise and fall of Nazi Germany. I represent this framework as a cycle of how oppression develops with characteristic actions and reactions by the persecutors and persecuted. I believe this framework is also applicable to other oppressed groups with different backgrounds and ethnicities and I will make some references later to show this though such applications are not a major topic here.

In my lifetime, I have seen this cycle move the full course. The basic themes are described in Figure 1 below. The sequences outlined seemed to me to capture the fundamental dynamics, the predominant feelings, the orientations, and the actions and reactions of the persecutors and persecuted, non-Jewish Germans and Jews. The phases, as depicted, are not necessarily totally distinct from each other. They merge into each other, sometimes quickly and sometimes more slowly as when during the planning stage the Nazis experimented with more limited restrictive laws against Jews like those, before 1938, discharging public employees such as university teachers, judges, and health officials who were often Jews. When there were no major objections from the most prestigious and powerful leaders, from the Pope on down, the next stage could begin. Further explanations follow.

Figure 1: The Cycle of Persecution.

The Persecutors	The Persecuted
Planning	Denial
Escalation	Coping
Execution	Extreme Victimization
Denial	Anger and Sorrow
Restitution	Coming to terms

Planning and Denial

The Nazis started their planning to eliminate the Jews with Hitler's book "Mein Kampf", written before Hitler came to power in 1933. It blamed the Jews for all of Germany's ills, from inflation and depression to unemployment, and it made a point of saying that the Jews had too much power and exercised too much control in the country. To some extent, Jews were indeed influential but they never measured up to the paranoid portrayals of the Nazis. Just to cite one example, even the American President, Franklin D. Roosevelt, was depicted as Jewish, his real name said to be Rosenfeld. Few Jews really took Hitler seriously until he came to power in 1933. Even when Hitler had power, the reactions of many in Germany, including Jews, were that he could not last and things would get better. This denial, complicated perhaps by the still strong desire to assimilate into German society without necessarily losing Jewish identity (see the 1998 book by a fellow-refugee, former Secretary of the Treasury W. Michael Blumenthal, The Invisible Wall) seemed to delay coping with the danger that might have been foreseen. This strong denial by those targeted, the persecuted, seemed to go on from about 1933-1938. Thus, when Jews like judges, university professors, and public health doctors were discharged from their public-sector jobs, this did not seem provoke major reactions in the Jewish community. Those who were dismissed, like Einstein and, ironically, other physicists who were eventually engaged in the allied war effort to develop the atomic bomb, had international reputations and could easily find jobs in other countries. It was therefore easy to pretend in that early period that there was no problem. Even when the heads of major societies like the Berlin Psychoanalytic Society were replaced by "Aryans", in the latter case by the famous analyst Carl Jung, there was little commotion in the Jewish community. Certainly,

many Germans liked the idea of the new job openings thus created and as this also represented an opportunity for career advancement. So it was probably unrealistic to expect any public protest on the German side. Those in the Jewish community were busy with their denial which meant that they did not want to attract attention by protesting too loudly. There was always the hope that it would all go away. This kind of denial stopped, however, after Kristallnacht in November 1938. That was when much of the "aryanization" of business establishments occurred. As I shall describe later, this made it possible for a Nazi to walk into a business and take it over.

Before discussing the next stage, escalation and coping, it may be timely to pause with the example of one academician who continued his denial well into the war. Such continued denial was more easily possible in a situation of inter-marriage where a ready-made support system would sometimes be available to hide one's Jewish identity. Also, this meant that it was easier to avoid being arrested by the Gestapo, the German secret police. The example is that of Victor Klemperer who wrote two volumes of diaries which became best-sellers in Germany in 1997. Klemperer came from a well-known Jewish family which included Otto Klemperer, the orchestra conductor. Viktor Klemperer wrote poignantly of his feelings of being scorned by former colleagues and friends and of losing his job at a university. To the end he never believed that what was going on represented the sentiments of the "true" German. It seems, however, that this view was hardly shared by other Jews.

Through all this planning by the persecutors our parents seemed to be immobilized by denial. "Things will get better", was the theme. Meanwhile, our grandmother, the realist, agitated with admonitions that bad times were, indeed, ahead. Much of our parents' efforts were directed at protecting us from the impact of all this discrimination and, until about 1938, my brother and I did live a reasonably normal life despite restrictions about education and where in the community, like theaters or parks, it was safe to go. One just had to be careful to not to be provocative. All this changed as both the Nazis and the Jews entered into the next stage of the cycle.

Escalation and Coping

In 1938, the Nazi persecutors escalated their anti-semitic activity quite severely so that those persecuted, all Jews not just some targeted perhaps because of their jobs, were now forced to actively cope in any way they could. The stages of escalation and coping began rather suddenly on November 9th, 1938, with what is now called Kristallnacht (night of the broken glass), named after the businesses and synagogues that were vandalized and burned. Shattered glass was everywhere, giving this event its name. Our synagogue was burned down and, when the firemen came, they simply stood by or only hosed down neighboring buildings so that non-Jewish property was protected. Piles were made of books written by Jewish authors. These books and religious items, including Torahs, the holy scrolls with the Five Books of Moses, were set on fire in the street while ordinary Germans just watched and Jews were horrified. As these bonfires lit up the sky, they seemed to excite those who already had or were now developing their sadistic, anti-semitic inclinations. Jewish schools, like the one Ralph attended, the Philantropin, were also targets. In addition, there were increasing incidents of arbitrary indignities like one I remember. I must have come home from school one day and passed the Opernplatz, the central square of Frankfurt, when

I saw a crowd that had gathered. Always curious, I investigated and found ordinary people laughing hilariously. Then I heard abusive names hurled at a number of Jewish men who must have been stopped on the street a little earlier and then given toothbrushes with which to clean the sidewalk. When I saw what was happening I crept away as unobtrusively as possible lest someone would pick on me.

Indignities for a person with a strong ego could, however, be dealt with more easily than what happened next. After 1938 Jews could no longer earn a livelihood at all as all businesses were confiscated and no jobs were available. Children could no longer go to school either. The Jewish school in Frankfurt had been vandalized although it was repaired about four months later. Lack of educational and work opportunities then acted as the major motivators that helped nearly all Jews to finally stop denying. With Jews as with other ethnic groups these motivators are always the most important in providing the incentive to emigrate. Being excluded from public facilities like theaters and name-calling were just minor nuisances in such a context ! Thus Jews now began their sometimes frantic efforts to leave the country. Huge lines formed at embassies for visas, lines that became ever bigger as thousands of Jewish men who had been arrested were released from concentration camps like Dachau and Buchenwald. These releases usually were conditional on leaving the country immediately. However, exit visas were provided only after the men involved had signed over their businesses to new Nazi owners and had delivered valuables, like silver and gold, jewelry, and tableware, to the local police station. I recall our father giving up his gold wedding ring and buying a fake in its place. I still have some relatively cheap cuff-links from father. He bought them after he had to surrender his silver ones. With ludicrous efficiency, the Germans gave receipts for these thefts.

Where to go as an immigrant was a problem. Most people could only have entered the United States after many years of waiting for quota numbers to materialize and so had to find temporary shelter in other countries. In our case, our temporary place of residence would be England. Many others went to a number of South American countries, South Africa, and even Shanghai in China. This active coping, mainly with emigration out of Germany, now began to characterize how most Jews tried to save themselves as the persecution became worse. For example, special taxes were now imposed on Jews as well as other forms of harassment. Still, not everyone could cope well and there were many suicides.

Subsequent Stages

The three later stages of the cycle of persecution did not occur, in a strict sense, during my growing-up years in Germany, but it is still appropriate to mention them here because they followed the two stages that have already been described. The middle or third stage, execution and extreme victimization, began to occur in about 1940 as Jews were deported from Germany and Nazi-occupied countries, first to ghettos, and then to slave labor camps and concentration camps where they were exterminated or left to die from disease, overwork, or the after-effects of a brutal journey in cattle-cars. This phase is poignantly represented in Spielberg's film "Schindler's List" and in the Holocaust literature. Fortunately, our parents, Ralph, and I were no longer in Germany and so I can not describe

this period as an eye-witness . This is just as well as this period, lasting until the end of the war in 1945, is almost too horrible to recall.

The next stage, after the war, now saw the Germans in a state of denial . I was in the United States by that time and was drafted into the US Army in 1952, spending the next two years-and-a-half as an enlisted man and then Lieutenant in France and Germany. There, I was able to observe German reactions. I found it incredible that, after the street scenes of the round-ups of Jews that I had seen in 1938, so many Germans said to me that they could not recall anything . They knew nothing and saw nothing. When pressed, there were some who made tentative admissions of involvement with the rationalization that they were only "following orders"--the "Eichmann defense", named after the Nazi mastermind of the annihilation strategy . Meanwhile, those Jews who had survived , like the few survivors from the camps and those who had successfully escaped , just wanted to get on with their lives. They were alternately sad about the loss of their loved ones or angry at the injustices done to them. However, they did take some steps, with the help of the governments of the victorious allies, to bring the war criminals to justice and to obtain what reparations they could. So this was the denial-anger/sorrow stage.

The final and fifth stage of the cycle of persecution, Restitution and Coming-to-Terms, began in about 1948 and it has extended well into 1998. During this period Germany tried to make amends, first with governmental action and more recently through private enterprise where insurance companies and large corporations who used slave labor are being forced to review their involvement. Interestingly, after the reunification with Communist East Germany, the new unified government of Germany decided to take responsibility for injustices that had occurred in East Germany as well.. The Communist government had never recognized these injustices. Greater access to formerly secret documents also helped unearth such assets as hidden bank accounts in Switzerland and stolen art treasures. In many cases where evidence could be found, financial settlements of some kind were made or stolen items were returned to heirs, but in other situations there was still "stonewalling" ("we have no information") or ridiculous requirements for papers like death certificates.

In Germany, some complicated laws and regulations were developed to achieve restitution. These provisions did affect us in personal ways. For example, if someone had lost a parent in a concentration camp, that qualified for a \$5,000 payment to heirs in 1948 dollars. As Ralph's and my own education were interrupted, we received about \$1000 each for that particular injustice. We also received some restitution for the value of the houses our father owned even though they had been bombed in the war. The settlements were, however, very small and at exchange rates that were unfavorable for someone not living in Germany. Further, we received some token compensation for our furniture which our parents had been able to have packed before leaving. It had been in storage on the docks in Hamburg where it was destroyed, presumably in an allied air attack. Like most Jews in the late forties and fifties, we just wanted to settle with the Germans, put the whole experience behind us, and start new lives. Basically, we came to terms. The last restitution payment we received came from the house in East Berlin after the wall separating the city came down in 1997. For the fifth stage I now use the phrase "coming-to-terms" rather than "acceptance", an expression I had used earlier, because I think acceptance is difficult for those who were the target of so many indignities.

In terms of the applicability of the above model to other ethnic groups, a similar but much abbreviated process occurred when Japanese-Americans in California were interned during the war. Restitution was not offered until the 1980's I think. Another example would be the Armenians of Turkey, who had survived the genocide there earlier in this century. Their suffering has still not been recognized by the Turks who never emerged from the denial stage. The Armenians, in turn, continue to be angry, with restitution no longer likely. Restitution can not undo past injustices, but the gesture nevertheless has an important psychological value for both the persecutors and persecuted.

Our Lives leading up to the Crisis of Immigration

After the above discussion which presents our lives in Germany within a more theoretical context it is now important to explain how Ralph and I actually went through this period almost on a day-to-day basis. I will now discuss some themes that seemed to dominate our thinking and behavior during the time period, 1928-1939, that is the main focus here. One of the themes that I learned to respond to very early was that the world is a dangerous place, but not one where finding reasonably safe surroundings is totally impossible. Our home was, first of all, a safety zone and there were always choices, even if limited. One was never without at least a small measure of control that one could exercise.

By that time we were living in what must have been a more comfortable and larger apartment on the Arndtstrasse 25, in a quieter and more fashionable part of town, the West End. It also had about seven rooms. Particularly interesting for Ralph and I was the large bathroom with a bidet in which we sailed our little toy boats. There was also a large kitchen with a pantry containing an old-fashioned ice-box which the iceman replenished almost daily. The more traditional living space consisted of a dining-room which was used daily, and a small salon with Louis XIV furniture which was off limits to Ralph and me. The centerpiece of the salon was a large Steinway Grand Piano. In more normal times, the salon would be where company would be received, but entertaining was not something that had a high priority during these difficult times. We did, however, assemble in the salon on Friday nights to light the sabbath lamp that hung in a small area next to a bay window with colored glass mosaics that were fashionable then. Then there was a large living room with three large windows and a balcony where the building marked the corners of converging streets and a square. Finally, there were our parents' bedroom, another bedroom used by my grandmother, and Ralph's and my bedrooms. Ralph and I had regular debates about whether we should each have our own room or sleep in the same room and use the other one just for play. After 1938, when Jews who lived in rural areas were burnt out -- victimization that was more difficult in the city because of the proximity of non-Jewish neighbors-- our childish debates stopped. From then on our "second" room was assigned to an elderly refugee couple who became our boarders. Many if not most of the Jewish families living in the city took in such "boarders" from the country who were really refugees.

In terms of why I got the feeling that this was a dangerous world, it probably began with my grandmother and her constant listening to the radio. Naturally, I asked a lot of questions and our grandmother answered frankly. It must have been 1935 when I was seven. The Italian Fascists were attacking Abyssinia (now Ethiopia) with poison gas. Not much later the Nazis were trying out their

weapons, especially the Stuka 88 dive-bombers. They leveled a city, Guernica, then under attack by the Spanish Fascist dictator Franco. Picasso made a stirring painting of this destruction which, for many years, hung in the Museum of Modern Art in New York. I might add here that, later, the Stukas levelled Warsaw and Rotterdam as well, but the British foiled them in London with their clumsy but adorable "barrage-balloons" which dotted the war-time London landscape. These balloons made it impossible for low-flying aircraft to make mischief. The existence of all these dictators in the 1930's posed a real threat to Jews and other peace-loving people and grandmother was worried. She must have, at that point, begun to formulate her ideas that we could no longer live in Germany.

Still, it was on the street, on our way back and forth from school, where we would face danger. It could come from a seemingly innocent question by some Nazi who might stop us. The question could be one like, did we get enough to eat. Such a question, if not answered correctly, could result in someone coming to the house to arrest a parent for "black-marketing" or other trumped up charges. We knew exactly what to say -- never volunteer anything and always be non-committal. Bands of Hitler Youth boys could also beat one up if provoked or for no reason at all. There was no "winning" these fights because even if one successfully defended oneself a boy could go home and complain to his father who might make things disagreeable for everyone. We learned to spot these bands of boys before they spotted us and so they could often be avoided by crossing the street. We ignored their shouts of abuse and we must have sensed that it was better that they gave vent to their hostility in words rather than stones which could also be thrown. Our parents kept telling us not to come home with bloody noses or injuries. Name-calling, they convinced us, did not really hurt us. Our parents felt they could nullify ignorant or abusive statements but irrevocable injuries were hard to reverse. They always said that it was the mean boys who had the problem, not us. One might consider this the "sticks and stones" principle ("sticks and stones can break your bones but words will never hurt you"). It was a good principle for our times because these were not the times for macho behavior.

Our uncle Carl who was still in Germany around 1936 was also our "self-defense" consultant! He was a big, powerful man, a boxer by hobby, who had won a few regional championships. Grandmother did not like this because she feared it might make some Nazi mad! Carl taught me a "crouch" which I have used in a number of threatening situations. Once I used it against a school-bully in boarding school in England. In this position one digs one's elbows into the hip area and covers one's abdominal area and face with one's arms, hands and fists. While the opponent is flustered by this, one can make a jab at him, run away, or just stay in a crouch. Carl was always "playing with fire" in a general sense and he really worried our grandmother. He had non-Jewish girlfriends which was strictly forbidden by the Nazis and one could be arrested and dragged through the streets for it. He also once brought a German soldier to the house, a friend, who showed me his dagger when I asked to see it. It was actually a small bayonet which was part of the German uniform, to inspire fear no doubt. Ironically the belt buckle, used by the Germans to the very end, had the inscription "Gott mit uns", loosely translated as "God is with us". Carl also taught me how to ride a bicycle and, of course, I fell a few times because he was always over-confident. Many of the survival skills that Carl taught me stood me in good stead later.

It has often puzzled me why, with all these reminders that the world was not safe, I could still grow up trusting people when it was important. Of course, I am probably less trustful than Dottie and we have argued a great deal about "very nice" salespeople who, I could see, are only nice when it looks like they can make a sale. I believe, however, that throughout my life I have had experiences that restored my faith in human nature, counteracting many of the negatives that I have experienced. Fortunately, for me at least, it might take only one incident to restore my faith compared to many negative ones that will turn me off. I will give some examples later when I discuss the English period of my life.

An important part of my life, and also that of my brother, is how I received an education during these unsettled times. This is actually documented in my report card which, in Germany, was given to the child to take home for the parent's signature, and then to the next school. This report card which clearly shows cultural, generational, and gender differences in contrast to today's practices is now in safekeeping in the US Holocaust Museum in Washington, D.C. The report card shows many school transfers, as I will explain. I began school at the age seven which was actually about a year late even by German standards. The reason for this was that I was rather small for my age and the teacher joked he would have to put bricks ("Backsteine" --I well remember the word) on my seat so I could look above or around all the other children as they sat in their standardized desks with the big inkwells and worked on their slate boards and arithmetic beads. So, for that year, mother sent me to a nursery school where I worked with all kinds of materials, like cigar boxes that I painted or hammered with little designs and gave to my father. That did not seem to be a bad solution. Incidentally my looking about one to two years younger than my real age when I was a child persisted until my adolescence. I looked about three years younger than Ralph. In a nutshell, after beginning in my local public school around 1935, I was transferred many times to either special classes just for Jewish children or to district schools which were charged with having all the Jewish children in one area so that they would not "dirty" the atmospheres in the neighborhood schools. The environment for the Nazis had to be "judenrein", cleansed of Jews, a concept unfortunately carried forward in other ways in different countries like Yugoslavia where, in the 1990's it was called ethnic cleansing. According to my records, there were about four school transfers in the four years of the elementary school education that I had in Germany, not counting the three months in the Kristalnacht period when we could not go to school at all.

My first school was the Farntrappschule, (the spelling may be wrong) about a block from my house in the Arndtstrasse. I remember arriving at the school on my first day with a "Zuckertuete", as was the custom. A "Zuckertuete" was a paper bag with a sort of elliptical shape which was filled with candy that we all shared when we got there. That was our comfort in this "leaving home" ritual. Perhaps German children were not supposed to need their parents on such a day as I saw no parents around and I do not recall mother there. They probably just dropped us off and then left the children to the "experts". Anyway, things went well and I was quite happy. In the mornings, for assembly, we all sang "Deutschland ueber alles", the national anthem, and later in the year, in 1935 I think, we added the Nazi hymn the "Horst Wessel Lied". For that patriotic hymn we had to hold up our arm in the Nazi salute, not easy to do for the needed length of time when one is only seven. Shortly after this ritual was squared away, however, our teachers had a change of heart. After all, they now came

to the conclusion, Jewish children should not be singing Nazi songs-- something we could all heartily agree with. We were then relieved from the burden of this exercise. But, importantly, this event marked the beginning of segregation in earnest. The Jewish children all had to go in special segregated classes where there would be no contact with the non-Jewish children whom we encountered only on the street or the school yard. When I finished first grade, my grades were nearly all "C's". I received "B's" for religious studies which were offered during regular class hours by Jewish religious teachers who already taught us Hebrew at that early age. Christian children received Christian instruction as there was no separation of Church and State. Why such low grades, one could ask? It did not take our parents long to find out that all the Jewish children received the same grades in their regular subjects like reading, writing, and arithmetic. Every Jewish child received a "C" because our teachers quite obviously received orders to grade us like that. The idea was that no Jewish child could possibly be smart, in fact was not allowed to be smart. Our parents, of course, thought this was absolute nonsense. But as long as we learned, which we did, no-one raised any objections. As children, we were quite aware of what was going on too and saw this as just one more item of harassment that was of little consequence to us as we were all in the same boat. Our parents supported our self-esteem and that is what mattered. Indeed, this kind of petty persecution in the schools created a bond between parents and children.

During the second and third year of my education in Germany we went to segregated classes--Jews only-- in other schools in the district, the last school being about a half-hour walk from home. I should add here that, ironically, I felt much better being in classes segregated for Jews only. There I was protected from at least some of the harassment that we were liable to receive in mixed classes by some of our non-Jewish classmates. A favorite trick was for a boy to whip out his leg from under a desk and then withdraw it quickly before a teacher would notice. The idea was to trip us so everyone would have a good laugh at our expense. We learned to cope with this, however. Girls somehow were exempted from this kind of treatment, the German sense of chivalry towards women being as yet relatively intact even as it applied to children.

My new school, the last before my transfer to the Jewish school, was actually close to the center of town, near the Festhalle (the convention center) which still exists and now is the location of the annual bookfair for major publishers. At that time it was also the location where Hitler gave his speeches when he was in town. It was an interesting walk which I usually made with other boys in my class, but also, en route, I often encountered boys in the Hitler Youth or older Nazis just looking to get a boy like me in trouble. Most of the time they did not manage it as I knew how to avoid them and not provoke anyone. Mostly I was simply able to cross the street to get out of the way! My brother, by that time, was already going to the Philantropin, an excellent Jewish school that was still a bit far away for me, near the other side of town.

For my last year of education in Germany I also went to the Philantropin. That was in 1938. I went by bicycle daily. The bicycle was the brand "Adler" and imagine my surprise when I saw one just like it displayed in the Holocaust Museum in the exhibit of "Daniel", a little boy who was depicted as having quite similar experiences to those that I had had. That trip to the Philantropin was not always smooth, especially after Kristallnacht, the events in November 1938 when the

school was out of commission for a few months because it was vandalized along with the synagogues. First of all, the school was a good 35 minutes away by bicycle and then, especially if one took a short-cut through the park, it could be dangerous. Once, I was ambushed. A group of boys were in position around a bend. I had no escape route, was stopped, and my bicycle vandalized. The boys threw the valves of the tires into the bushes and they wanted me to go find them. I instinctively knew that it would be asking for trouble if I did this as I could be more easily attacked there. The boys, however, had so much fun doing it that they let me go, throwing curses at me and then stones. Fortunately they missed with the stones as I wheeled my bicycle away as fast as I could. The principle of "don't provoke" had worked again. I then looked for the nearest house of a relative or friend, the emergency plan I had been trained for. It was the home of uncle Jakob (see the Posens above) where I was soothed and then collected by my mother none the worse for wear. As our parents kept saying, a bicycle can be easily replaced but a person can't!

Now I shall come to the events that occurred around Kristallnacht, beginning with the evening of November 9th, 1938. These events deeply affected the lives of all Jews, children and adults alike. I will tell the stories of myself and my brother, our father, our mother, and our grandmother. I will digress first, however, on a relevant subject. The digression is a result of an article I read in the New Yorker magazine just last night. The article used the expression "yiddishen kopp". The expression is Yiddish, literally translated from the German "juedischen Kopf" which really means a "Jewish head". Yiddish is the language which Jews who were expelled from Germany as early as the middle ages took with them to Poland where they found refuge. They then added some Polish or Russian words as well but writing it with Hebrew letters which everyone knew. As Jews are becoming more assimilated today, fewer and fewer people remember this language even though many books were written in it, for instance by Isaac Bashevis Singer. The expression in common usage still to-day really means that the person with a yiddishen kopp is a kind of street-smart person, clever, shrewd, and may be also a little manipulative. The expression had relevance for 1938 because the Nazis could not be confronted without dire consequences. The Nazis had to be outwitted in any way possible and this is how a lot of Jews saved themselves.

The events of 1938 should not really have taken us by surprise. As in any situation there are always signs, if one chooses to look, of what is to come. I will give some examples. I remember as a child when, during the 1936 Olympics in Berlin, Jesse Owens, the Black-American sprinter, beat all of his competitors. Hitler was in the stands and the Germans were very angry. It was inconceivable that a black man would be able to beat a white aryan runner from an obviously "superior" race. A Jewish member from an English team, as depicted in the film "Chariots of Fire" received pressure emanating from the Germans to not participate but I am not sure what happened. There was another example, perhaps a year later, when the American boxing champion, Joe Louis, beat Max Schmeling, the German favorite. Joe Louis could not possibly have won fair and square, the Germans maintained. On both occasions crowds of Nazis marched around the streets of all cities, including Frankfurt, singing abusive songs, chanting hate slogans, and carrying their somewhat frightening gasoline-burning torches through the streets. When these crowds appeared, it was always a good idea to stay out of the way. We could watch, however, from our apartment which overlooked a large square. In fact, I well remember that we watched from a darkened room--

which I thought was so clever . Our mother and grandmother explained to us that this kind of rabble did not auger well for the future, especially for Jews.

This hounding of the Jews by this Nazi rabble was, according to William L Shirer's book, "The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich," published in 1960, orchestrated by the Nazi leader Goebbels, one of the Hitler gang. There are different versions about what really happened after a Jewish assassin in Paris named Grynszpan shot and killed a German diplomat on November 7th, 1938. However, there seems to be agreement that it took the Nazis two more days to organize the arrests of Jewish men. Then ,on the evening of November 9th and the morning of November 10th, Jewish schools like the Philantropin were vandalized, synagogues were burned, Jewish businesses were destroyed or confiscated, and Jewish men were arrested. I actually started to go to school that day. I had not yet enrolled in the Jewish school. I must have come home early, however. As I approached our house, I saw the signs appearing everywhere on stores not owned by Jews that all Jews were forbidden to enter. As I got close, I saw a lot more activity. The Nazis, in their brown uniforms, were rounding up Jewish men whom they placed facing a brick wall across the street from our house. I knew this was serious and that this was not a good time to come home. They were not shooting, but it looked like they were arranging transportation to take them away. My childish impressions were correct and these men were really being sent to concentration camps like Buchenwald and Dachau. When I saw that the air had cleared I quickly came home and found my brother, mother, and grandmother there, but not my father. So we were safe except for our father . Either there was no news of him or our mother was not talking. There was no telling what children would blurt out under pressure!

I do recall an incident that day that had to do with our needing some basic food supplies like milk. Mother sent me to get these items at the very store where we always shopped but where there was now a sign "No Jews". It was an interesting gamble and I was prepared for it. Mother had surmised correctly that not all Germans were so totally depraved as yet that they would deny food to children when it was available. Probably it seemed to her, as it does to me now, that when a society is in the process of degenerating, empathy towards children would be the last to give way. I was able to buy what we needed.

As for father, this is how I have been able to reconstruct the events. My informants were my mother and a man we met in Chicago at a Chicago-Goldmeiers family event. This man had lived in the same boarding house with my father after he had escaped to England. My understanding is that a Nazi official, for whom my father may have done a favor, warned him late on November 9th that the Gestapo (the secret police, as it was called) were scheduled to come to our apartment early on the 10th to arrest him. Without wasting time, my father made his way to the Hauptbahnhof (the central train station) which was about a half-hour walk. He had bought a ticket for the early train to Basel in Switzerland , where he went frequently on business. The train also stopped in Freiburg-im-Breisgau, which is in the Black Forest and close to Basel. Whether his intention was to hide out somewhere in Freiburg or the Black Forest --we did have relatives there-- I do not know, or he might have planned to go through to Basel. Unfortunately, as father died before I was thirteen years old, I never thought to ask him such questions and the topic I felt was uncomfortable with my mother too

so I never broached it even later. In any case, I am clear that the Gestapo stopped the train from leaving the station because they suspected that Jews might be on it. Father was caught, arrested, and taken to the Central Police Station in Frankfurt. It was very early in the morning, and there seemed to have been some flaw in the Nazi coordination with the police who were generally not involved in arresting anyone who had not committed a crime. The idea that trying to escape from the Gestapo was a crime still seemed to be alien to the police who were, as yet, more professional in their behavior. In any case, no-one could think of a crime that father had committed. Either this police precinct had not yet received orders regarding what to do with the Jews transported there or there may have been, as luck would have it, a police official who had some qualms. Thus my father was released and found himself on the street. He immediately went to the home of a non-Jewish person who had once worked for us either at home or in the business. She sheltered him for the next two to four weeks, at some risk to herself, until the air had cleared at least a little.

Meanwhile, Gestapo officers came to our apartment several times throughout the day. I remember one scene well. Two or three men came to the door and asked to be admitted. My mother, brother and I were home. They asked for our father. The men displayed guns at which point I hid behind my mother. She said to the men that she had no idea where father was. They began to search every room in the apartment. They also looked inside wardrobes. When they went through the shelves where we kept our linen, the men felt between the bed-sheets. They then left with some threatening gestures. Afterwards I asked mother why, if they were after our father, they would look in a linen closet --a silly proposition. Mother explained that the Gestapo were looking for papers that could incriminate our father, like forbidden financial transactions to get our money out of the country. She added also that they were simply looking for cash they could just take. Fortunately, except for the fright, we were no worse for the experience.

As things calmed down in about four to six weeks, father came out of hiding but did not think it safe to come home. My mother meanwhile was in touch with him by phone, fortunately there being no wiretaps yet. It was known that the Nazis, not yet totally depraved and not yet prepared for mass killings, were respecting the sanctuaries of hospitals including the Jewish hospital on the Gagerstrasse. Father was fortunate in being able to sign himself in under very liberal but no less valid admission policies. He had elective surgery for a hernia which required about three weeks of hospitalization at that time. Mother, Ralph and I visited him in the hospital.

It was another searing scene. The hospital looked eerily like the hospital depicted in the film on Mozart, Amadeus, where Salieri, Mozart's rival, was hospitalized. Patients were lying on mattresses on the floors. Father's bed was in a cluster of other beds in the center of a large ward where the beds along the walls could not accommodate all the patients. Obviously the hospital was taking as many "patients" as it could. I had never seen father the way he looked that day. He was obviously depressed. Many men had killed themselves already or had by then been hurt in concentration camps from which they were beginning to return, all with crew cuts, to find their businesses confiscated and their stores, and in some cases their apartments, wrecked. This was when I saw father cry. It is strange how I remember, verbatim, what my mother said when he burst out crying in front of us. I think I must, as a child, have somehow said to myself "you are too young to

understand all this but listen and look and when you are older you will understand". In any case , my mother simply said, "Nimm Dich zusammen Isi" which loosely translated means "pull yourself together, Isi". It is a strange comment seen in retrospect 60 years later. Mother was a sensitive woman and this did not seem like a supportive comment. I can only explain it as an attempt to shelter my brother and I, something most parents including ours had tried to do since the beginning, and this experience in the hospital was turning out to be quite overwhelming.. The comment may also have been connected with the idea that men, especially in the German culture, are not supposed to express emotion. Obviously my taking these mental snap-shots as I was growing up in a world that a child would find hard to understand was still no guarantee of understanding later. Even now, as an adult I still fail to comprehend the enormity of what went on.

We now come to that aspect of coping with the crisis that had to do with emigration. Emigration had to be effected by September 1st, 1939, the beginning of the German attack on Poland, or September 3rd when Great Britain and France declared war on Germany. No one knew, of course, when war would break out and some, like our grandmother, could still manage to escape to the United States or other neutral countries until 1941. After 1938 most of the Jews in Germany looked frantically for countries that would accept them even temporarily. Jews who had converted to Christianity were still considered Jewish. For example, Germans applying for jobs in the Nazi hierarchy had to prove their Aryan purity as far back as their great-grand-parents, and non-Jewish spouses were given the option of divorce or being considered Jewish as well. My father, during this time was winding up his affairs. The business was surrendered to a Nazi official who thought he could run it. The real-estate we owned was also taken over. Often there was some legal pretense that the takeovers of Jewish property or businesses were proper. The Germans called it "aryanization". I understand that the German authorities accused father of adulterating his wine, but they were not going to prosecute if he simply gave them the key to the business. Obviously father had no choice. On the positive side, these events now left him free to pursue emigration more vigorously.

The first step was to obtain what were called "affidavits" from the United States, guaranteeing we would not be a burden on the American taxpayer if we came here. Uncle Carl supplied these but with assistance from two generous Chicago families who were financially better off. We then received a quota number from the American Embassy located in Stuttgart. I remember the number was about 52,000. Such a high number would not have admitted us until perhaps 1943 given the great demand for immigration to the United States and the inflexibility of the US authorities. In this context, it can perhaps be understood that I still react negatively to all quotas, including those applying to affirmative action, a complicated concept involving basic conflicts of values like equity. There were no special provisions to admit Jewish refugees into the United States such as were later instituted for Hungarian or Cuban refugees when they were facing danger. Knowing that our American quotas would not save us -- the threat of war made it quite unsafe to just wait until the number came up-- our parents looked for another, possibly temporary places of refuge.

Which countries were hospitable to Jews? Not many. The dilemma of our parents was that we had no relatives in certain countries , like those in South America, which accepted some Jews. What was then the British dominion of South Africa accepted other Jews who settled in Capetown

and Johannesburg, but we did not want to go there. Australia and New Zealand were also the destination of some but, again, we had no-one there. We were never strong Zionists but might have considered Palestine had there not already been some Arab-Jewish riots about British restrictions to immigration. Thus the only course offered us was temporary refuge in Holland, France, or Great Britain. England was the best possibility, particularly because our cousin Justin was there. He was already working to help us.

There were some other considerations that were of a more personal nature. These had to do with the question of whether the whole family should try to leave Germany as a unit. In some situations escape would be easier if families could split up, as in the late nineteenth century when many Russian-Jewish immigrants did this so the husband and father could establish himself in America and then send for his family later. Still, many families felt that if they were to perish, it should be as a family, somewhat like the family of Ann Frank who hid all together in Holland but did not survive except for the father. These families often could not separate from each other for emotional reasons.

When Great Britain passed legislation that allowed 10,000 children no older than sixteen to find temporary shelter there, provided they had foster families or some kind of guarantee of care, our parents decided to pursue that option. The movement to admit these children is now generally referred to as the Kindertransport. There were two aspects of the Kindertransport. One was qualifying for the English children's quota which we then attempted to do through our cousin Justin in England. The other was the process of getting to England. The usual way, as survivors can well recall, were the trains with papered-over windows that left from cities like Prague, Berlin, Vienna, and Frankfurt. There were to be some heart-rending scenes in these train stations as parents said good-bye to their children whom they might never see again. To our grandmother's credit, she suggested a relatively novel way of getting to England. Sabena Belgian Airlines had inaugurated a service, Frankfurt to London, and she reserved two seats for Ralph and me for April 14th, 1939. It was an exciting flight for two boys like us, taking the edge off the separation from our family. I remember how our grandmother did not want us to fly on the German airline, Lufthansa, which had always been Hitler's pretense for rebuilding his air-force, particularly the Junkers 52 transports that were to carry German army parachutists later in the war. I remember flying over Brussels, making a stop there, and then flying over the channel. It was a two-propeller airplane, a little like the DC-3's that the allies used in the war, and it flew low, making the countryside and the ships in the channel clearly visible like a toyland. We landed in Croydon, England, the airport in Surrey that is no longer used.

Jews were forbidden to take more than the equivalent of about \$5.00 out of the country and that was all the money in our pockets when we left. However, the Germans probably overlooked that one could emigrate and take a bicycle and an unlimited supply of clothing as long as it was not "new". Because we all realized that buying clothes in England as we grew out of what we had would not be possible, mother took us on shopping sprees for every item of clothing imaginable. Both Ralph and I had two sizes in our luggage, and the clothing was carefully marked with labels that said HG1 and HG2 (H for my name then, Hans) and RG1 and RG2. This was so that we should know that

when we had grown out of one size we could go into the other. In effect, that meant I had four sizes of clothing as I later wore my brother's two sizes as well . Mother planned this so carefully that I needed no new clothing the whole six years in England. To hide the fact that we did buy new clothes, tags were taken off, creases made, and my job was to rub dirt from the garden on the shoes.



Our House, Frankfurt, 1938



Our House, Frankfurt, 1945



With our Nanny, 1931

ISIDOR GOLDMEIER
IN FIRMA
GEBRÜDER GOLDMEIER

FRANKFURT A. M.

NEUB ROTHOFSTR. 23

Father's Business Card
1937



At my father's desk, Frankfurt, 1937



Mother, Frankfurt, 1939



Father, Frankfurt, 1937



Ralph and I, Frankfurt, 1938



Grandmother on a visit to USA, 1937

CHAPTER II: ENGLAND, 1939-1945

Arriving in England

Ralph's life and mine were now to enter a new phase. We would not be able to live with our mother again until 1945 when we arrived in America. Our father who managed to escape to England with mother, died there April 20th, 1941. First a little about the chronologies of our respective lives in what was to be war-time England. I will begin with the circumstances of our immigration and the constraints of the war years which now limited many options.

First, and very importantly, was the liberality of the British government in admitting 10,000 children under the age of 16. The age limit of 16 was strictly enforced, although I did hear of one exception to it; a boy just over 16 who carried a violin case. When the British wanted to send him back he took out his violin and played "God Save the King". He was admitted. The requirement for admission to England was simply that each child had to have a statement by almost anybody that he or she would be taken care of and had a place to go to on arrival. The statements were mostly provided by Jewish organizations who put many children in Quonset huts while foster parents were found for them. The Quakers were active too and they provided many foster homes. Even some convents took in a few girls. A number of these girls became Catholic and some were Catholic only temporarily until reunited later with a surviving family member. Some children, including many of the boys I later met, were sent to boarding schools which were paid for in many different ways; some by the Jewish welfare agency for refugees called Bloomsbury House, some by moneys somehow put on account for the children by a family member, and some just had generous and wealthy sponsors.

The way Ralph and I reconstructed the story of what happened to us was that cousin Justin had a friend in London where he was living, a Jewish woman who was a teacher. He asked her if she knew of a Jewish family who would take in two brothers. She responded that her sister had been childless for many years and perhaps she and her husband would take care of us until we could be admitted to the United States. That is how we arrived in London on April 14th, 1939 and then went to Sunderland, our new home. We went to Sunderland by train from London about April 15th. The journey was not much different than it is to-day, except that now the trains are faster. We left Kings Cross Station on the train to Edinburgh but got off in Newcastle to change for what is still a rickety ride of 30 minutes or so to Sunderland. We must have managed to do all this alone with the few words of English that we knew. However, more about this later.

The story of how our parents escaped was a bit more hair-raising. When the Germans marched into Poland September 1st, our parents set off without delay for England via Belgium. The Belgian border was, however, closed when they got there so back they went to Cologne, a railway hub. They would next try Holland. My mother said that there was a scene in the Cologne train station where my father was beaten with his umbrella. I remember her comment about this incident. She said my father survived this attack because it was an "Ersatz" umbrella which broke before it could do much damage. Ersatz was the German word for a substitute and it was used somewhat derisively for

products made for the war-time civilian market with inferior materials . I always took this remark to mean that the umbrella broke , but not father! During the many times that I have passed through Cologne on visits to Germany this scene always comes to mind.

While our uncle and aunt, Jakob and Jenny, grandparents of the Posens in England, left at about the same time as our parents, they could only get as far as Holland. There they were later caught by the Germans and taken to Theresienstadt where they died. Good fortune was with our parents and they were able to board just about the last boat to England. I remember the British declaring war at 11 a.m. on September 3rd, followed by the French at 5 p.m.. We received a telephone call in Sunderland at 1p.m that our parents were safe in London.

Our Parents in England

Father

Before I proceed with Ralph's and my story I would like to put our parents story in context. First father. We saw him in about November 1939. The Wolfsons had saved some gasoline ration-coupons and drove us on what was then the Great North Road to London. This historic road had been frequented a number of times by Mary, Queen of Scots , who was after the English throne in the Elizabethan era. I remember stopping for a rest pause at Scotts Corner, a roadside hotel in County Durham. To digress for a moment, Dottie and I passed the hotel again in 1997 when we spent a sabbatical year at the University of Northumbria in Newcastle. I recognized the hotel immediately and we stopped for tea once again. The hotel was still there; the exterior unchanged but the interior modernized! We arrived in London safely and visited father. He was living in a boarding house on Manor Road, in Stamford Hill, a district of North London, N.16. It was and still is a solidly Jewish area. Thus our parents had been split up shortly after they arrived because, in the first place, they were penniless and could not afford an apartment. Then there also was the job situation. In those early days of the war, refugees, if they were men, were denied work-permits. Thus my father was supported with a small allowance by Bloomsbury House, the Jewish social service agency for refugees located in the Bloomsbury area of London. (Agencies in England are often named after an address or building, like 10 Downing Street or Scotland Yard). Father, however, worked illegally selling kosher sausages house-to-house and, I understand, he spent much time hounding Bloomsbury House for transportation to the United States. These activities seemed to keep him busy. We spent only a few hours with father. In some ways it was a sad meeting and I really do not remember much about this visit, except that he lived in very cramped quarters.

I never saw father again after this 1939 visit. It was difficult and expensive to travel in war-time England but father had planned a short visit to Yorkshire in early 1941. I remember looking for accommodations for him in the village where we were living because no refugee could afford a hotel. Father by that time was an air-raid warden, what we called a civil-defense worker, where his job was to go to his post and try to deal with black-out violations and , later, the fires and destruction that were the result of the German air-raids on London. As for the circumstances of father's death, father died from an apparent heart attack on a London subway train. Ralph and I were informed by

telegram when he died, April 20, 1941. We departed immediately to go to London for the funeral. Because so many Londoners were killed in air-raids at that time, the funeral was not until a week later. Father was buried at East Ham Cemetery, a large Jewish cemetery in the East End of London. East Ham and Whitechapel once were thriving Jewish areas in London, like our Lower East Side of New York. Charlie Chaplin came from London's East End. The funeral was attended by mother, Ralph, a rabbi I think, Justin, and I. That was about all. It still pains me to-day when I visit father's grave, as I do every seven years or so when I get to London. I recall that in 1941 the cemetery had been heavily bombed like the rest of the East End. Bomb-craters were everywhere and there was much destruction that had resulted from the "carpet (indiscriminate) bombing" in which the Germans and later the allies engaged. I remember my thoughts as I saw these bomb-craters where graves had once been. I thought that Hitler hated Jews so much that he had to kill them twice.

There was one other immediate sequel to father's death. Of course, we do not know the cause of death for sure as coroners were too busy to do autopsies. However people had noticed, we were told, that father was walking around with blue lips and I would guess that he had angina and clogged arteries and couldn't or wouldn't see a doctor. Father died at age 59, about the age when I had by-pass surgery. The British authorities handled the death in a way somewhat reflective of their national character. Found next to my father's body in the Underground was his briefcase containing about 250 Pounds sterling, money worth perhaps \$800 to-day. No-one knows how he could have accumulated so much money. We think he was saving to buy our tickets to the United States and he may have been on the way to Bloomsbury House to pay for them. The money probably came from his work selling meat for the kosher butcher. The police turned the money over to mother-- no questions asked even though father still had no work permit. Also father had been bombed out once or, at least, a suitcase with clothing which somehow had been sent to him via Switzerland had been destroyed. The British awarded him insurance for this-- after all he would need clothes like every other Englishman with the same misfortune-- and when the payment became due they gave this money to our mother as well even though father was already dead, again no questions asked. So we now had some savings, not enough to make a great difference, but something.

It seemed I was in a daze when all this happened and my feelings about this confusing state of the world probably lasted through my Bar Mitzvah when it struck home that I no longer had a father. It occurred to me that father would have been proud to see me become Bar Mitzvah. But, as is said in German, "Der Mensch denkt, und Gott lenkt", loosely translated as "man makes plans but God disposes". A parent often falls short of seeing certain of his or her child's milestones before the parent dies. Probably, we first come across this idea in the the story of Moses who, after all the trouble he had, could see the Holy Land but not enter. This kind of situation was to be repeated again much later when mother died two months before Barry's birth.

Mother

Mother's transition to her new life in England was also difficult. Although she had a cousin in London on her side of the family, Rina Levi, I never felt that the Levis were as helpful as they might have been. The Levis did, however, give mother a job in their son's business. Walter, the son,

was a bachelor at the time and living at home. He had been trained as an architect in Germany, like his father who built the synagogue in Freiburg. Walter never worked as an architect but, instead, he designed womens' dresses and suits. He was always scribbling designs for dresses which he would produce in his business, Loroco, on Margaret Street, just a block or so from Oxford Circus. Interestingly, war or no war, fashions in the womens' clothing industry continued although Walter also did contract work for the War Department, equipping spies with clothing that was German-looking. It was exciting for me, later during my stay in England, to visit there and, when he had a show, see the models prancing about. Walter's business was very near the BBC Building and I liked to go there and soak up the West End London atmosphere. Mother did relatively menial work for Walter, mostly sewing. Actually, her Loroco job did not last very long because the family she was living with and helping part-time, after her regular day-time job, evacuated themselves to the country because of the bombing and mother went with them.

To return to the beginning of our mother's experiences in England it has to be understood that women, in contrast to men, were given work permits. However, these permits were only applicable for work as a household helper of some kind, or as a nanny. As I noted, there was no money to support the four of us in an apartment and, in any case, no-one knew in 1939 when the bombing would really start, so being in London could have been hazardous. Ralph and I were provided for, our officially unemployed father was living in a boarding house situation and receiving some support from the Jewish organization, and so mother went about finding the best possible living and work situation. I don't remember exactly, but in 1939 or 1940 she must have had two or three jobs with British families. She wanted to take care of children because she had some skills in that area but, at least at first, she seemed to get jobs requiring menial household work because that is what was available. I do remember her complaints of how people took advantage of her. She could not understand why the British, at that time, did not seem to use mops. The women had to get on their knees to do the floors and, worst of all, mother had to light the fire in the morning so that there would be heat when the family arose. Few houses, even in middle class circles, had central heating. Nearly all heated their homes with fireplaces burning coal or anthracite and these open fireplaces left dusty ashes that had to be removed each morning before fresh coal could be set alight. It was dirty and unhealthy work. Perhaps after about six months of this mother finally found a wonderful family who for the rest of our time in England treated her with respect and appreciation.

The family mother found were the Manuels, a Jewish family, who had two children, John who was maybe two years younger than I and his younger sister Judy. Mother's main responsibility was to help Mrs. Manuel with the children. Mrs Manuel did not ask her to do the heavy cleaning as had the previous families mother worked for. As for the children, mother must have done a good job in the five years she lived with the Manuels. John became a lawyer and on a business trip to the United States he called me up once. Judy married and her husband became a well-known and accomplished business man. Judy's family are the Solomons and Mr. Solomon apparently became so accomplished that he was knighted by the Queen and was granted the title "Sir". Karen knows the family, having visited there when she was in England for a year around 1989. First the Manuels lived in Golders Green, in North-West London, in a small house next to a similar house where Mr. Manuels brother and family lived. The two brothers had a wholesale produce business in Covent

Garden, an interesting area of London which, in addition to the famous Opera House, had a big vegetable market that supplied all of London. The play "Pygmalion" by George Bernard Shaw and the Broadway musical "My Fair Lady", about a flower girl with terrible speech, are set in Covent Garden. The play and the musical are very entertaining and represent faithfully what this area had been like perhaps a generation earlier and perhaps even then. The two brothers worked very hard and left home very early in the morning to buy their produce. Some of this produce they brought home and it trickled down to Ralph and me, later in the war, when the occasional orange or lemon would enhance our Vitamin C intake.

During the heavy bombing in 1941 both Manuel families moved to a big house in Guildford, a beautiful and then quite rustic part of Southern England within commuting distance from London. Then, from about 1942 to 1945 mother lived in an apartment with the Manuels. It was called Northways in the Swiss Cottage neighborhood of North-West London, NW.3. I visited mother there when I had vacation from school. It was an exciting neighborhood with a large movie-theater, the Odeon, where I was sometimes treated to a movie. This neighborhood is still practically unchanged, judging from my most recent visit to England in 1997. It should be said that Mrs. Manuel was very kind and understanding of our family's problem about being so dispersed in England. She allowed me to visit mother both in Guildford and London. Without these visits it would have been almost impossible for me to have much meaningful contact with mother and I am very appreciative to this day for how the Manuels opened up their home to us. They shared scarce food, gave us their support, and shared their wisdom with us to help us manage in a new country. The Manuels also provided us with access to their circle of friends, one of whom was very helpful later as I will note. I sometimes stayed with the Manuels as long as a week or two. When Ralph began to work in London around 1942 he was also able to visit mother although not usually overnight..

On one occasion, mother met the Barclays, who were friends of the Manuels. This must have occurred sometime in 1941. Mr. Barclay was a wealthy man who was in the silk business and who lived on Pall Mall, across from Hyde Park in the West End. When someone, I don't know who, explained my predicament to him, that I was now thirteen, facing having to leave school at fourteen, he pledged 100 pounds sterling to send me, at least for a year, to a boarding school. This school turned out to be Stoalety Rough School.

Ralph

Before going into an account of my life in England, I want to add here what Ralph's situation was after we were separated early in 1941. We were living on the farm in Yorkshire and Ralph at age 14 had to leave the village school which we were both attending. All English school children who were not enrolled in academic high schools which often cost money had to leave school at age 14. That policy, I should add, was changed as soon as the war ended and a new Labor government was elected. At the time, mother was able to enroll Ralph in an ORT school in Leeds which is also in Yorkshire. ORT schools were numerous in many parts of the world where there were young Jewish boys and girls who needed to learn a trade to become skilled craftsmen or become competent in some technical profession. The schools were free and were sponsored by Jewish organizations

world-wide. They offered courses of study of about a year or less. The courses could be Math or English but the main focus was on a "hands-on" education for marketable skills. Ralph learned to install inter-communication telephones or devices. There were, of course, no cellular telephones, and wires had to be laid from room to room and floor to floor. After staying in Leeds a year, Ralph took a job in London doing what he had been taught and he earned enough to support himself. I don't know exactly what his living arrangements were all this time, but he did live in a hostel for a time. These hostels were quite common because salaries were low and if the young people could not live at home, a hostel was always an option. Ralph did get the chance to go to events, such as the theater and ballet, and he attended the London Polytechnic too and so this was basically his life during the next years. It could not have been easy for him and there were still the air-raids in London as well. He did see mother a fair amount, but he avoided the Levis because, whenever there, he had to do chores for them without much appreciation.

My Life in England

Having now put the lives of others in our family in context, I will now proceed with my own story. Basically, the period of time I was in England can be divided into three parts. First, there was the five months we spent with Rosie and George Wolfson in Sunderland in what was then County Durham (the boundaries and names of some of the northern counties have been changed since the war). Next was the two years spent on the farm in Bellerby, near the town of Leyburn in North Yorkshire. And then the third phase consisted of the years from 1941 to 1945 when I attended Stoalety Rough School, a boarding school for refugee children in Haslemere, Surrey, in the South of England. Ralph was with me throughout the Sunderland stay and most of the stay in Yorkshire. During school vacations, the Scotts, the Yorkshire family, were often nice enough to allow me to stay with them on the farm where I could make myself useful. Other vacation days were spent with mother and the Manuels. I stayed with the Levis during a period of about two weeks before my Bar Mitzvah in 1941 and at other times as well despite the bombing. While on the subject of bombing, later in the war when I was staying with the Levis for a few days, their house was almost hit by what we think was a rocket of the type just being developed by the allies as part of the air defense system. This rocket which had been sent up and failed to explode near the German plane it was supposed to hit came down in the house next door and totally destroyed a corner of it. No-one was hurt but we all had a good fright! I had never seen so many high officers from the British Army and the American Eighth Air Force going through the debris the next day.

Sunderland

To return to the first phase of my life in England, I will describe Ralph's and my arrival at our new foster-home with the Wolfsons, Rosie and George. The excitement of the airplane ride to England, a new language, all the new sights, new people we met, and the new experiences we were now having since our arrival in London seemed to be so stimulating that we really could not think about much else. The full impact of the separation from our parents and the uncertainty of what was to happen next did not really affect me until I actually arrived in Sunderland. Once there, the imminence of a new and different life suddenly hit me like a proverbial ton of bricks. We were met

at the train station in Sunderland and taken to 13 Ashwood Terrace, a row-house among many on a typical English street. It was the original home of Rosie's family and some relatives still lived there. There were many people there when we arrived. I can not quite remember exactly who, but there were some brothers and sisters of Rosie's and George's in the group. Not long after we took our coats off and were introduced, Ralph and I were told that we would be separated, that I would be staying with George's parents, the older Wolfsons. George and Rosie were a couple in their late thirties or early forties while George's parents, who were not even there to receive us and who lived only a few houses away on the same street, were an elderly couple. George and Rosie had a car and seemed to be an active couple, while the parents were retired and lived a very quiet life as I surmised even at that point. In any case, what troubled me immediately was that I did not wish to be separated from Ralph. Indeed, I felt a sense of betrayal. We had been told in Germany, and I am sure our parents and Justin believed this, that we would stay together. However, remembering also mother's admonitions that I should always be appreciative for what people were doing for me, I said nothing. Still, I could not stop the tears that started coming down and so as not to embarrass myself and others I excused myself to go to the bathroom. There I really burst out crying. After a while people knocked on the door and asked what was the matter. I was quiet, hoping my tears would just dry. They did not, and when I emerged, I think I did admit that I was unhappy about the unexpected separation from Ralph. Interestingly, there was no talk of Ralph going to George's parents, an option I thought just as bad. After a few minutes of conversation -- it seemed the whole idea must have been concocted on the spur of a moment-- the subject of our going to different homes was dropped and my sadness lifted. I think this incident may, however, have betrayed some ambivalence by the Wolfson family about our being there. For example, five months later, when the war started and schools and children were being evacuated by the British government, the Wolfsons did make some special efforts to be sure we were evacuated. I shall discuss this later in a little more detail.

Thus we began our lives in Sunderland. We were enrolled in public schools and in the local Hebrew School belonging to the only Temple in town. I was enrolled in the Barnes School, a big brick building which was still used when I last saw it in 1997 when I made a side-visit to Sunderland with Dottie from my assignment to the University of Northumbria in Newcastle where I was spending some time. Ralph was in a junior high school, West Park Central, which no longer exists. We were both quite happy in our respective schools. We learned English fast with total immersion, and neither of us seemed to have a serious language problem. There was teasing at times when we mispronounced certain words, but people really tried to help us master the language, especially the "r" and the "the" sounds. One tricky aspect of learning a new language, mainly from other 12 year-old boys, was to discriminate acceptable from unacceptable words, like swear words which should not be repeated at home. Of course, we had some basic English lessons in Germany and that helped a little. Mother also had taught us that there were three very important words or expressions we had to know and use generously. They were "please", "thank you", and "sorry". They reflected the good manners and politeness that were expected in England.

The religious school mostly taught Hebrew which we already knew quite well. The Rabbi was Dr. Toporoff who had died just before we got to England in 1997. I remember he had been astonished by the answer he got from us when he asked us if we spoke Yiddish, the language which

is mostly German, but with a different sentence structure and pronunciation, that was spoken by Russian and Polish Jews in Europe. We said no, that we did not speak it when actually it turned out that we could make out a number of words. I was surprised that the Rabbi did not realize that German Jews never spoke Yiddish--they had been too assimilated for that-- although a number of choice expressions were used. Some of these, like the word "chutzpah (to have a lot of nerve), were so pithy that they now are part of the English dictionary.

I am reminded of another scene at the Sunday school. It took place on Sunday, September 3rd, 1939, the day the British declared war. At 11a.m., the time of the declaration of war, all the sirens sounded and it seemed everyone was in a panic. Parents started to arrive in cars to take the children home. Ralph and I always traveled by bicycle. I was a little frightened by all this and was convinced that the first act of war by the Germans would be to bomb the Sunderland synagogue. I contemplated going into a church across the street to take shelter. However, Ralph brought me down from my run-away fantasies and started to do more practical problem-solving. We simply got on our bicycles and rode home without incident.

There were some other incidents in Sunderland which suggested that though we were now really quite happy and adjusted to the separation from our home, there was still some insecurity. Also, perhaps what is suggested is that the healthy paranoia, as I would put it, that I had brought with me from Germany was now being modified into just suspiciousness which I don't think ever totally disappeared. There were three incidents that I can recall.

The first occurred one day on our way back from Sunday School on a hilly road. Ralph, riding ahead, had an accident. He hit a dog with his bicycle and the back wheel flipped up and threw him over the handlebars to the street. The dog regained its breath and ran to his owner who was walking him unleashed. I did not at first know what to do, but when I saw Ralph move to get up, I ran to the dog's owner and asked for his address. He gave me a bogus address and slinked away. This example of deviousness was probably not lost on me. We then wheeled our bicycles the rest of the way home. Once there, the Wolfsons took Ralph to the hospital and he stayed there for at least two days. The explanation was that his wrist was broken, as indeed it was, but I still felt uneasy about why that required two days in the hospital. Incidentally, sixty years later a physician asked Ralph if he ever had an accident that could explain his need for a knee replacement, and we both spontaneously recalled that incident. But my suspicion was still aroused, especially when I could not visit Ralph and received the explanation that the hospital did not allow childrens' visits. I was not really reassured until he came home, in a cast, but home.

The second incident occurred when, one day, I was struck with a high fever. A doctor was called to the house and I heard Rosie and the doctor mumble ominously in the hall. My semi-delirious state now fed my fantasies at a fast clip. I was certainly not willing to surrender, ever suspicious of another plot to get rid of us. The doctor and Rosie said that I had to go to the hospital, that I had scarlet fever and had to be isolated. I could hardly believe this but had no choice. An ambulance came and whisked me to a childrens hospital about 20 minutes away. I actually enjoyed the ride, looking out of the overhead windows from my stretcher. On arrival, I found other children

there, just like me, was much reassured, and finally let my guard down. This hospital was to be my home for the next four weeks and the nine or so other children in the ward my companions. The nurses were nice except for one misstep for which I now forgive them. Mother had sent a salami from Germany and it was moldy and smelled when it arrived. The nurses said they had to throw it away. The nurses are to be excused because that was before the day when European delicatessen had any kind of renown in England and it was not realized that salamis are supposed to smell, that mold could easily be washed off, and that a hard salami did not require refrigeration.

The third incident had to do with our evacuation by the British government which, remarkably, had a program ready to implement to remove all children from so-called "danger areas" if their parents approved. These danger areas were designated as those within a five-mile radius from potential military targets such as war factories or troop bases. Sunderland was included as a coastal city and, indeed, it had a British submarine base. The Wolfsons put us on the list to be evacuated but gave our address as 13 Ashwood Terrace, just within the five-mile zone, not 5 Richard Avenue where we lived, and a mile further out. I questioned this and talked to my brother but he advised me to not bring it up. Perhaps he also noticed, as did I, an attempt by the Wolfsons to assign responsibility for us to someone else. Perhaps Ralph thought if the Wolfsons did not want us we might as well try our luck elsewhere. As it turned out, the Wolfsons did indeed plan to evacuate themselves to Ferryhill where they owned a furniture store and another general store. Ferryhill was in a heavily industrialized coal-mining area of County Durham about 20 miles away. We were obviously not part of their evacuation plans. That said, I must hasten to add that the Wolfsons did not desert us and, in fact, kept in touch with us. I also can not blame them for perhaps being a little intimidated by the likelihood that what at first may have looked like a temporary stay while we were waiting to go to America could turn into something much longer. When we were evacuated to Yorkshire, they regularly sent us pocket-money, enough to go to a movie now and then and buy our two ounces or so of candy rations allotted to each child every week.

The Wolfsons also allowed us to visit them in Ferryhill and these trips were eye-opening for me. We took two or three busses to get there, changing in Richmond and again in Darlington, going first through the beautiful dale country with its many sheep on the moors followed by the polluted countryside near Ferryhill with its dangerous coal mines, now closed, and the ugly slag heaps they spawned. We were also allowed to go with George's driver to the homes of the miners where the driver collected a few shillings for that week's payment on purchases made. Seeing these small crowded homes, row-house after identical row-house, each with its coal shed and one heated room, seemed like a scene out of the classic film about the Welsh coal miners, "How Green was my Valley."

One might wonder how these incidents, now piling up on top of earlier ones in Germany, could have affected me, given the insecurities that any child must have had under the circumstances. I am somewhat surprised that my faith in human nature seemed to not actually be damaged. Perhaps one reason was that all these incidents did end in a way that ultimately were not harmful for us. So may be my faith in mankind was just tempered by some harsh infusions of reality. Or it could be that a number of positive experiences, especially after Sunderland, counteracted the past.

There is one more occurrence, both happy and sad, that I must recount to bring closure to our Sunderland experience. It occurred in January after we had already left to go to Yorkshire. The occasion was Ralph's Bar Mitzvah. The Wolfsons arranged the Bar Mitzvah to take place in Sunderland and we either went there by bus or they brought us there. Ralph could, of course, not study for it as is the usual custom. He just said the blessing and perhaps read a portion in English or Hebrew. My memory about it is vague. We were not in Sunderland long. I do know that, besides the congregation, only the Wolfsons and I attended. Also I remember Ralph received a very nicely bound copy of the five books of Moses in English and Hebrew and I received the traditional Hertz prayer book that was then used. Neither mother or father could attend. They were still destitute and no one seemed to go out of their way to invite them. They obviously would have needed money for the train fare and accommodations for a night or two. We, as children, had no friends who could attend. That was the sad part. The happy part was that the Bar Mitzvah took place at all during such troubled times.

Yorkshire

This now brings me to the next phase of our lives in England, our experience in Yorkshire. I shall begin with the circumstances of our evacuation from Sunderland which I began to mention earlier. In the process I will also make reference to some innovative aspects of this remarkable social experiment to evacuate millions of children, at very short notice, into foster homes in rural areas of the country. The evacuation which occurred the Sunday after war was declared, September 10, 1939, included train-station scenes reminiscent of the Kindertransport trains out of Germany, except that the latter seemed to be much more traumatic because parents and children knew they may never see each other again. This was different because in few instances were the children to go more than about 100 miles away from their parents. The train-station scene which we did not escape this time was not quite so traumatic for us because we had had a separation experience earlier, and our attachment to the Wolfsons was not the same as our attachment to our parents. It turned out that nearly all the children who were evacuated that Sunday returned after a few months, when it was clear that the Germans were not yet ready to start the bombing. This caused much complacency which only changed later, in 1940, when the bombing did begin in earnest. Then, there was another evacuation. We remained in Yorkshire this whole time. Anna Freud, daughter of Sigmund Freud, and her co-worker Dorothy Burlingham wrote a book, "War and Children", on the evacuation we experienced. She observed that children seemed to prefer being with their parents, no matter what the danger, and that is why many returned to suffer the bombing along with their parents. Ralph and I, of course, never had a choice.

As for how the evacuation was accomplished, the British government, working with all the schools, prepared all the school staff, the parents, and the children about a week ahead. Children were a priority when, rather quickly, gas masks were distributed to everyone. The girls bought cute containers for them to mimic a purse and the boys mostly played with them. Then, lists were prepared, as parents signed up their children. Parents were told that the evacuation was entirely voluntary. Next, teachers from each school where there were evacuees were selected to accompany the children and to be with them in their new schools because the receiving schools could not

possibly have handled the influx. The children and parents were also told where the children would be going and travel arrangements were made. Assigning teachers to go with the children was a particularly good move because these teachers represented an element of stability in what seemed to be a disordered world. Children and their parents were given the option of having siblings go to the same location, another well-thought out move, although placement in the same home was not guaranteed. Finally, the receiving areas in the rural countryside where we were going were alerted regarding how many children would be coming and, probably, the number coming was negotiated with someone like, as in our case, the vicar's wife. Ralph and I decided to be together again and we registered with Ralph's school, West Park Central.

And so we left that Sunday and I, constantly aware of the geography of where I was going, remember that we went to Northallerton first. Northallerton was a hub for trains in that part of England and on the London-Edinburgh line. There, some cars were detached and we then followed a scenic track, which no longer exists, to Leyburn, Yorkshire. Leyburn still is the market town for Wensleydale, the particular valley where we were to live. When we arrived in Leyburn we were met by Red Cross workers who had cups of hot cocoa and "biscuits" (cookies) waiting on tables already set up. Our teacher, the one who came with us, helped us to the correct table where our tags were checked. There, we were assigned to one of these wonderful red busses, run by the United company, that could navigate the small country roads with such ease. They brought us to Bellerby, about two miles away.

Bellerby was a village with a population of about 300 persons and the villagers were prepared, no doubt in part out of patriotic duty, to absorb 30 children. Some children from a Catholic school in Sunderland also came to Bellerby and these children would attend an existing parochial school in Leyburn. It was rumored that these children had to walk the two miles to school each morning without breakfast to attend mass, but I am not sure about that. However, I do remember seeing them walking. The United bus brought us to what was called the "Village Institute" which was really the village community center where certain events like dances were usually held. Nearly all the villages in the area had such a place. There was also a village green with a little general store and post-office, and a quaint Norman church with an adjoining cemetery.

The Reverend White and his wife were the moral guardians of the village. Mrs. White was the one who met the children as we all assembled at the Village Institute and she organized the next stage of this whole effort. After all, she knew all the families in Bellerby and she used this knowledge to make the placement decisions right then and there; how many and who would live with which family. When it was our turn, she asked us if we wanted to remain together. Ralph and I again answered "yes". The next question was did we want to go to a big farm? The answer to that question was an emphatic "yes". Aware that we might be seen as German, the enemy, I found to my relief that we were asked nothing more, despite our speech and accent which gave us away. After milling about in the center for a while longer, Mrs White herself took us to the Manor, the farm belonging to the Scotts. It was a short walk and there was some small talk along the way. We asked some questions as we went and I remember one; whether we would we find horses on the farm. And so we arrived at the Scotts. Mrs. White continued to be our social worker, in a sense, and she visited

us from time to time during the next two years to see how we were doing.

Now, we turn to the Scott family and life in this big Manor house and its surrounding farm. First the Scott family. They were introduced to us as "Mr." and "Mrs." Scott and throughout our stay we used those titles, never their first names. This should not suggest, however, that their relationships with us was cold and distant. In fact they were warm, especially Mrs. Scott, but as is the British custom, they were aware of status differences. We could obviously not call them "Mum" and "Dad", and first names in this household would have accorded us a familiarity that their own children did not have. In fact, in the England of that period, even in the rural areas, formality and decorum were practiced to the extent that we often wore our jackets and ties when we had a physical education period in school.

The Scotts were what one might call fine and upstanding people. They were Church of England by religion but neither they nor the children were church-goers except for daughter Lena who played the organ when the regular organist was absent. She practiced at home on a small upright piano in the kitchen. That is how I became familiar with so many hymns. She was very good musician, as were a number of Scotts even into the next generation. She was mostly self-taught and played not only church music. She could play some Chopin etudes as well. More about Lena later.

First, I will describe the Scott family members, starting with Mr. Scott. Mr Scott had Parkinson's Disease of which he eventually died. His arm was shaky but he could nevertheless wield a pitchfork with consummate skill. He definitely was the patriarch in the family and everyone recognized this. He was highly respected in the community, especially as the owner or occupant of the largest farm in the area and one of the largest, oldest houses. In that part of England old houses were indicators of status. He was not of aristocratic origin, however, and no one would refer to him as the Lord of the Manor. In fact, I believe he rented the farm with a lease that had a long life and there was some talk now and then that the landowner, who I think was an aristocrat, would visit. That was, however, not to check up on his property---everything in England seemed to be on the honor system-- but because he liked to hunt. However, the government limited or prohibited hunting as a frivolous activity for war times and the visits never materialized. After the war the Scotts bought the farm.

Mr. Scott was a benign authority figure. He never snooped on anyone, just expecting that everyone would do their job, which they did. He directed the farm but gave Mrs. Scott complete freedom in the house. They usually agreed on moral issues with the children but Mrs. Scott was definitely more compromising and less rigid. It seemed like Mr. Scott could be prone to anger if provoked but no one ever tested this. He did not drink and there was no liquor in the house unless it was hidden. In any case I never found any. He seemed to stand on two principles that I noted, although he had a lot of other principles as well. One, he had some definite ideas about guns stemming, so the story goes, from an experience in his youth that he never talked about. There was no gun on the premises even though a gun might have been useful to shoot a marauding fox or a little rabbit that would have made some good rabbit pie. We sometimes ate rabbit on the farm but I did not like it, perhaps because it is not kosher. The rabbit was usually captured when our versatile

dog trapped it in one of those English walls and Raymond would remove stone after stone to retrieve it and then kill it with a well directed blow to the neck. I found this procedure awful and may be this was another reason I did not like rabbit. Back to guns, however; when Mr. Scott saw me play with my toy gun, a favorite activity of boys in war-time, he asked me to either stop the play or to not point the gun at anybody. I obeyed without question and then took care to avoid being caught. I could not see much sense in playing with a toy gun when you couldn't point it at anybody and say "bang, bang, you're dead". His second principle covered whatever it took to guard the morals of his sixteen year old daughter Lena. As I will explain, he was very protective of her and restricted her dating to the point of eliminating it. I was full of admiration for Lena, especially for how she circumvented her father on this, always playing the role of a dutiful daughter which she really was in her own way. I learned a lot observing Lena's social skills.

Mrs. Scott was a gentle woman. I felt she was always concerned about us and very caring, much more so than Rosie Wolfson. She went out of her way to provide for our needs. As I was in the house more than Ralph she got to know me particularly well. She woke us up in the mornings and brought us some warm water in a pitcher so we could pour it into a bowl to wash our faces and clean our teeth. The china must have been old and beautiful but that is not something a little boy gets excited about. I don't think she brought the others water because they had to go out early, unwashed, to the stables to milk the cows with perhaps only a scone in their stomachs. After milking time they washed the upper parts of their bodies at a cold water faucet off the kitchen area and had a really sumptuous breakfast; eggs and bacon, oatmeal (porridge) in the winter, and all the trimmings. I think Mrs. Scott sensed that Ralph's background and mine were quite different from children raised all their life in Bellerby and she seemed to take all this into consideration. Our father did not want us to eat bacon, so Mrs. Scott made scrambled eggs on toast although it would have been easier to throw the eggs in with the bacon grease. There was no such thing as a toaster so a long fork was used to hold the bread to the fire. It seemed Mrs. Scott grew quite fond of us, feelings that I think were mutual, despite the absence of any show of affection. It was a new experience for me to see love in a family without anyone using any words or being demonstrative.

There were never any noisy or vindictive discussions in the house although, at times, Mr. Scott might say to Mrs Scott that this was the way it was going to be. I helped Mrs. Scott a fair amount in the house, doing the dishes for example, and while I did not always like to do this, I never objected. For chores, I preferred more masculine farm tasks such as were assigned to Ralph, but Ralph was much stronger and bigger than I. When I wanted more farm tasks, Raymond often teased me that I would just get in the way. I gradually got used to this and just accepted my role in the household. It was mainly during harvests for the hay and the corn that I worked in the field where every hand was useful before it would rain again. Later, I was given almost sole responsibility for the hens, as I shall explain. It seemed everyone had to pull their weight on a farm, whatever they did..

The Scotts had five children, three sons and two daughters who were all living in the home when we arrived. The two of us made it seven. There was Lesley, about 23 at the time. In England at the time Lesley was a boy's name. He helped on the farm but got married shortly after we arrived. His father helped him buy a farm nearby but Lesley later died of a heart problem I think, leaving a

wife and three little girls. He was the only one who went to a secondary school which had required his travel to Richmond, about eight miles away, on a daily basis. It seems that this was what he had wanted to do because there was no pressure in the household for academic learning and there were only a few old books in the house. We met his wife in 1997, since remarried. I might add that medical care, even veterinary care, was hard to access in Bellerby especially during the war and I suspect that there were many undiagnosed problems and Lesley's may have been one. I think I never saw a doctor in the two years I was in Yorkshire and I think Ralph saw a doctor only once when he had the mumps. While on the subject of medical care and even veterinary care, I should add that James Herriot's book "All Things Bright and Beautiful" is concerned with his experiences in just that part of Yorkshire. He was based in Leyburn, but he was not famous then and I never knew him. He may have attended one of the plaintively mooing cows that had a hard time giving birth. However, Mr. Scott usually did what he could and I seldom saw a vet attending animals on the farm.

After Lesley in age came Leonard, named after his father. Shortly after we arrived, Leonard volunteered for the army. His parents did not stop him even though he could have received a deferment. Being active in farming was considered work of "national importance". We did not know Leonard very well. Leonard was sent to Singapore where he was later captured by the Japanese and succumbed in a prisoner-of-war camp. Images of him appeared to me when I saw the excellent film "The Bridge over the River Kwai", showing how British prisoners were abused by the Japanese but tried to keep up their spirits and enhance their pride to the point of expertly building a bridge for them. I remember when the war-office sent the telegram bringing the Scotts the bad news that he was a prisoner and I do not know if his death was ever reported before the war ended.

Next was Lena who was about 16 when we arrived. Lena, I thought, was the most intelligent of the children and also the most sensitive, especially in relation to Ralph and me. She sometimes protected me from some cruel teasing by her brother Raymond when he made thoughtless and prejudicial statements to me like the one he once made, that Hitler should have killed all the Jews because they killed Jesus. Raymond knew enough to make such statements out of earshot of his parents, while I generally remained silent because I wanted no trouble. But Lena once spoke up and told him to "shut up". I don't think Raymond ever was like that with Ralph with whom he had a closer relationship. I now think that he must have been a little jealous of me as the new youngest male "sibling" in the family and perhaps he also resented the bond between Ralph and I. So Lena, acting as my protector, counterbalanced the teasing from Raymond. Lena mostly helped her mother at home but one could see she was looking for some other outlets to occupy her active mind. She had left school at 14, like most of the village children.

Like a lot of girls at the time, Lena suffered from Mr. Scott's somewhat strict limitations on her activities. I admired the clever ways she used to get around her father and still do what she wanted to do. She was interested in boys, but those her parents knew were starting to go away to the army. She was allowed to go to the dances in the Village Institute and she seemed to enjoy these but the hard part was how to manage to go out on dates. Most of her dates would be soldiers stationed at the nearby British army base at Cattrick. So she involved Ralph and me in a very clever ploy which worked for the whole time we were in Yorkshire. Ralph and I were willing co-conspirators

because the ruse Lena had thought up was that she was to take Ralph and me to the movies. We left the farm happily, all together, to walk the two miles to Leyburn where Lena would meet her date. Once in the theatre, she and her date would sit somewhere in the back row. On the two-mile walk home in the black-out we walked discreetly ahead and when we all got home no-one was the wiser. Lena also took us to interesting places in the area, usually those accessible by bicycle, like the swimming hole in the brook gurgling through the village of Wensley. After the war Lena went to nursing school and became a public health nurse. She married, had a son, and then divorced. When we visited Yorkshire in the 1970's Lena was living in a small townhouse in picturesque Richmond, the market town of the neighboring dale or valley.

Next in age was Raymond to whom I already referred in connection with Lena. Incidentally, on an earlier visit to Bellerby Dottie and I made in about 1979, Lena and Raymond were not talking, apparently continuing the friction we noted as evacuees. When we arrived in 1939, Raymond who was about 14, worked mostly on the farm. He was with Ralph a fair amount as they were more similar in age. Ralph and Raymond did a lot of farm chores together. As an adolescent, Raymond could be quite brash at times and he sometimes said hurtful things to me, as I noted above. He was to be the only son surviving into the 70's and he took over the farm when Mr. Scott died. I remember from a brief stay on the farm in 1945 that he was then courting his future wife Cora, by bicycle because she lived over the hills in the next valley, Swaledale. Raymond and Cora had three sons and one of them, Leonard and his wife Elizabeth, are now living in the Manor.

Finally, the fifth child was Dolly (Dorothy), who had the same birthday as I but was one year older. She had what must have been Downs Syndrome and was retarded. She could not read. I managed to teach her to count to 10, but that was about all I could do. I could never teach her to tie her shoe laces. I have to admit that she sometimes irritated me because she was always trying to follow me and imitate me. For example when the newspapers were delivered in the morning, I usually made a dash for them. She insisted on having the paper first as well and Mrs. Scott said we had to take turns. Dolly was to have her turn even though she could not read. At the time I did not understand that perhaps there was a deeper principle involved, one of equity, which entered into Mrs. Scott's decision about this seemingly simple issue. I only knew that it annoyed me because I did not see the logic of it. My relationship with Dolly was sometimes delicate because I knew I had to be in control of my irritation with her and treat her gently. My consideration for her seemed to please Mrs. Scott, however. Mrs. Scott was probably glad that Dolly now had a "companion" as there was no plan for intervention with these children. At that time they just stayed home. Noone ever came to the house to either check medically and psychologically what was wrong and to suggest any kind of education or some kind of program which, granted, may only have been available in a larger town like Darlington, too far away. After Mrs. Scott became older and moved to another house in the village that the Scotts owned, Dolly was institutionalized about 20 miles away. She lived for some time after that receiving occasional visits from Lena and Raymond's wife Cora.

Our daily lives on the farm usually settled down to a routine with some interesting distractions. We had school, of course, five days weekly and I will describe the school and what we learned later. In the winter we woke up and went to sleep when it was dark but, in the summer, we

would often not experience any darkness this far North especially with the double-daylight saving time used in the war. It was very cold in the winter and there was no heat except in the kitchen, no hot running water, and the cold-water faucets were only downstairs and in the one bathroom which could not be used when it was so cold. We used hot-water bottles to heat up the bed and a sweat-suit we had brought from Germany served as a pajama. The walls of this 16th century manor were so thick, perhaps two or three feet, that it was always cool even in the summer. Ralph and I slept in a double bed which helped us keep warm. We had a small room above the entrance to the Manor which had been last remodeled during Victorian times. Everyone slept in double beds except for the odd person if there were three of one sex. Thus two of the Scott brothers slept in one bed and Raymond had a bed to himself in the boys room, the two girls had another bedroom where they shared a bed. The Scotts were in the room next to us. So that was how we kept warm at night. In the winter we used candles to go to bed and wake up. I keep thinking that going up and down the staircase with candles was not all that much different from the time of Shakespeare where there was a scene in Macbeth just like it. Downstairs, in the hall, was a big grandfather's clock. It chimed beautifully every hour. On nights when I was a little anxious, heard noises in the dark, and couldn't go to sleep, this clock made me even more anxious because it let me know how long I had been sleepless. For our toileting needs, we used an outhouse equipped with two seats so it did not require emptying that often. It was equipped with newspapers for toilet paper. The outhouse was of solid stone construction so that the smell was only bad when one was in it. No-one stayed very long, however. Being young we had no need of a chamber-pot but these were available. Hot water came from a tank that was part of the big fireplace in the kitchen. It held perhaps three buckets and was used for occasional baths, perhaps one every four weeks or so. Tea was boiled in a kettle in the center of the fire-place. The water tank was on one side of the fire and the stove was on the other.

It was amazing what Mrs Scott could cook and bake. She baked all her own bread, kneading it in a big bowl while kneeling on the floor of the kitchen. Then she waited for it to rise. She made good rice pudding in the stove, Yorkshire pudding, and once in a while roast beef or lamb. The concrete floor of the kitchen was covered by thick rugs consisting of a backing and bits of wool from old clothing which were braided in a lively pattern with some kind of tool which Mrs. Scott wielded with great skill when she was not quite so busy. We did not, however, make our own butter or cheese because it was too much work and there was a storage problem. We had no refrigerator. The pantry, a room which was usually quite cool because of its thick walls, served that purpose. Once in a while we killed one of the pigs or a sheep. It was something we did seldom, however, because I think it was not allowed without special permission from the government. The meat was salted and kept quite well. The hams were hung on big black hooks on the high ceiling of the kitchen. Most of our time was spent in the kitchen because, heated by the fireplace, it was the only warm room. In the summer, of course, we would go outside.

I might add that I was allowed to watch the slaughter of an animal for which a special expert slaughterer was always hired. It was interesting to see how this was done but also quite upsetting as the animals squealed until they had lost much of their blood. Yet, if I may dwell on this just a little more, the expert slaughterer knew exactly where the crucial artery was, near the heart, and so perhaps the animal was not in such severe pain as it appeared. The animals were not knocked out, i.e., hit on

the head to render them unconscious . Kosher slaughtering also decrees that animals not be knocked out before slaughtering so that they would lose as much blood as possible in the slaughtering process. I did have some interest in this because Hitler, of all people, had outlawed kosher slaughtering because, so it was said, he thought it was cruel. I remember that, when we could no longer buy kosher meat, mother would salt the meat "on eight sides" to draw out as much blood as possible. I remember this whole procedure because I never understood how a cut of meat could have eight sides. I also still do not fully understand the humane or inhumane aspects of killing animals and the Jewish aversion to blood which I think is deep in the culture. All the blood, or as much as possible, has to be removed from the animal to make it kosher. In this context, one also wonders why so few Jewish people hunt or even fish. Perhaps there is an aversion to killing animals for sport rather than food although I do not recall any biblical injunctions about it.

In terms of routines, Ralph would go out in the morning and help with the milking before going to school but I , being smaller and younger, had different chores . I fed the hens which were almost totally my responsibility. After breakfast, which consisted of scones with margarine and the honey-like treacle the British liked so much, scrambled eggs and toast , and sometimes oatmeal , we went off to school. I might add that we seldom drank milk even though there was plenty on the farm, something else I still don't understand. It was , of course , not pasteurized or homogenized although all our cows were tuberculin-tested. We drank the milk, or had it with our cereal, almost straight from the cow. It had only been cooled by running it over the stainless steel tubes of a water cooler. We were in school until about 3 p.m., walked home and then did our afternoon chores. However, these did not require all afternoon, at least for me. Sometimes I took an adventure book from the school library as I learned more and more English.

Feeding the hens was both an afternoon and evening chore. The feeding was not difficult as I just had to throw them the maize kernels or "Indian Corn" as it was called. I also had to collect the eggs from the henhouse, sometimes suffering the pecks of a "sitting" hen which was ready to breed and so wanted to protect her eggs. We had no incubators those days and when we spotted a hen which was ready to sit we made sure she had fertilized eggs from a rooster in the barnyard and then picked out a spot for her, fed her, and pampered her so that she would not leave her nest so her eggs would become cold. In a matter of about twenty minutes the eggs could be spoiled and the hen was not always smart enough to know this so that not every attempt at breeding was successful. The gestation period was 28 days and , if all went well, the little chicks would then peck their way out of the eggs. If a hen did leave its nest, I was asked to dispose of the bad eggs. Once I thought that I would turn this chore into a scientific study to see the stages of development in unborn chicks. Knowing it would be a smelly and a perhaps gruesome operation, I went to a copse of trees and opened them, one by one. I saw what I expected to see and will not go into further detail. While on the subject of smelly tasks, I also had to clean out the hen-house now and then . This was just about the worst chore one could have on a farm and I can now fully understand why the most disagreeable rules and assignments in the army are called "chicken sh.....".

Very difficult for me was locking up the hens in the henhouse overnight so that no fox could attack them. A determined fox is capable of destroying many hens at once, eating as many eggs

as he can find. As the hens did not like to turn in until dark, and I did not like to walk the lonely fields at night, especially in the black-out, we had a problem. I solved the problem with the help of my trusty buddy, the sheepdog, whom I trained to chase the hens into the house before dark. The dog did this expertly, putting his snout under the hens' wings, almost making them fly. I rewarded the dog with dry crusts of bread, his favorite food.

As for other chores, I did some gardening too, often weeding but sometimes gathering the vegetables that were ripe. There was little fruit except the apples or pears from our orchard. The apples could be stored, laid individually on a cold floor, but sometimes the cherry tree provided a brief change from this diet. Other than this, there was little fruit to eat. We also grew turnips which did well in the Yorkshire climate and stored well too, outside under straw which was simply removed and replaced when we needed a turnip. As a snack before turning in, cornflakes with milk was a special treat.

As for the extent of the farm's operations, we had about 75 milking cows, some pigs, many sheep in the more barren fields higher up towards the moors, and three horses which had to do all the work, especially during hay-time, that tractors now do. The pigs just about ate up all the garbage we could bring to them, especially potato peelings. Then, of course, there was the wonderful sheepdog, black with white spots. Raymond, when he saw me petting him, rebuked me that petting would spoil him. But I did it anyway, out of his sight, because I really loved that dog. There were many cats too and they took care of the mice population. However, for ecological balance some litters of cats were put in burlap bags and taken to a brook to be drowned. I did not participate in that activity. I noticed that farmers seem to have a love for animals, but not a sentimental one. All the animals except the horses reproduced. The horses were needed to work and could not be given time off to be pregnant. The calves, fathered by a single bull, and even the piglets were quite loveable.

There were some pleasurable and exciting interludes that made some days quite memorable. For example, on Fridays we sometimes helped take the animals to the market to be sold by a marvelous auctioneer whom I could not understand except when he mentioned numbers. Prices were in guineas, 21 shillings, for which there was no separate coin or bank note in circulation. To bring the animals to market, we had to herd them along the road in the direction of Leyburn and, what little traffic there was during the war, would wind around the animals. Usually one person would walk ahead, making sure all gates to fields would be shut and standing in intersections down which we wanted no animal to go, another would nudge them with a stick, and the dog would watch the flanks. There also was threshing day when a big machine with dangerous belts would be brought in and everyone had to help. Mostly oats and barley were planted. This was on the advice of government experts who came periodically to work with the farmers. They would also require that certain crops be planted because the war made it necessary for Britain to be as self-supporting as possible. I never heard a word of complaint about these government officials and agricultural experts. They epitomized the British ideal of public service because they really seemed to know what they were doing. Then, there would be a day when the sheep were "dipped". That meant driving them, again with the help of the dog, into a trough filled with a smelly chemical solution that would kill maggot infestations. Another important activity had to be done when it snowed and some farms

were isolated . Sometimes I was asked to deliver milk for a baby to a farm on the isolated moors where there was not enough grass for cows. Once I had a rather frightening experience when, because the snow was so high, I had to walk on top of the walls next to the road. I fell into a snow drift from which I extricated myself only with great difficulty.

Sometimes in the Spring when lambs would be born, the mother would die or another might reject its own litter. I really do not know why sheep sometimes reject their own "babies" although it is usually only one in a litter when it happens. Such a baby-lamb becomes a "pet-lamb" and I usually cared for these lambs. It was quite easy. I approached the field with a bottle full of cow's milk . The bottle had a nipple which had to be replaced often because the lambs had such voracious appetites. The lamb would learn to recognize me with the bottle, run to me, and suck happily away. Basically, this is how we lived, day-to-day.

One might also note that no-one engaged in any spectator sports activity. Crowds at such games would have attracted German air-attacks and the men who would play on the teams were serving in the army in any case. It seemed this kind of excitement was not needed in a country where the "scores" would apply to how many planes were shot down, who had the greater number of casualties, how many U-boats were sunk, or how many towns were lost or captured in places like Lybia or some other exotic spot in the world. As a by-product, we learned geography from the daily newspapers. My love of travel probably was boosted by this. The foreign language broadcasts preceded by national anthems provided the same boost for someone like me who had an ear for languages.

Finally ,before turning to the next phase of our lives in England , it remains to describe our school experience in Bellerby. Ralph and I, with all the other evacuees and the village children went to the village school which was big enough for one large and one small classroom. There was a small school yard barely large enough to play "rounders", a game a little like baseball -- perhaps its origin-- where there were bases, a pitcher who threw a soft ball, and the person who was up on the "plate" where he hit the ball with his bare hand. It was frustrating because the ball constantly went over the wall.

Children began school at about age seven and finished at fourteen so there must have been about seven grades although many subjects were taught to several grades at once. After the Labor government was elected at the end of the war , one of their first reforms was to move the school-leaving age to sixteen. Thus there were about 50 children and our two or three teachers did a remarkable job keeping us busy with exercises and lectures. The school , like many in England still to this day, was a Church of England school .The concept of separation of church and state does not exist in England, even now, as all schools I attended were supported by the government. Even in my first school in Sunderland, which was not a Church of England school, there was a morning assembly during which the Lord's Prayer was said. The Jewish children were simply excused and, while there was no prejudice, we were left to cut up, swap comic books, and do all the other things boys do. From my vantage point at the time, I never had a problem with this. Certainly, we could be singled out but , if so, I never noticed any adverse consequences. In the Bellerby school there were

no prayers, in fact the school was so small that there seemed no need for even an assembly. However, we read the bible daily and were given very simple explanations. We also learned the meaning of some of the words used in the King James version that were not part of the every-day language, and this helped with our English. However, interestingly, words such as "thee" and "thou" were still regularly used in local speech. Our teacher especially liked the psalms and made us learn a number by heart. The psalms were seen as poetry and the British have always loved poetry. Our father asked that we be excused from religious study but our teacher said that this would curtail much of our education. She suggested excusing us only from the New Testament and father agreed. It was a wonderful compromise and the teacher, in fulfilling her bargain, only seemed to assign New Testament passages around Easter and Christmas so I was seldom excused. The sensitivity of these teachers, long before we knew anything about "diversity", never ceases to amaze me.

The other subjects we had were writing in English and sentence structure, again very good for us, and also penmanship. The latter was particularly helpful as we were just coming out of writing the German Gothic script. Then there was Civics, knowledge about our dale and what we were proud of, farm goods and limestone quarries. We were also told to pay no attention to road signs and the mileages on them as these signs had all been switched around to confuse the Germans were they to drop down by parachute. Then we had geography, one of my favorite subjects, and I especially liked the map of the world with the British Empire and its possessions, including India, Canada, South Africa, and Australia all in red. With Britain and the Empire so big and powerful, I deluded myself into thinking that it would be easy to beat the Germans. I thought the Gurkha soldiers of India might even do the job single-handed. I was not so sure any more later in 1940 when everything seemed to go wrong and Britain stood all alone.

An important subject was arithmetic, especially mental arithmetic. Every village child had to know that an acre had 4840 square yards and we had better remember it too. Weights and measures and money also took much time. For instance how many farthings made a penny (4), how many a hae'penny (2), how many pence in a shilling (12), how many shillings in a pound (20), and how many shillings in a guinea (21). Then we had to learn how many pounds, in weight not money, were in a stone (14), and even about the hundredweights (abbreviated for some strange reason as cwt.). Obviously, I must have learned these lessons well if I still remember them to this day! There was almost no history or literature except for selected poems. I do not even recall any Shakespeare. Thirteen would not have been too young. I suppose there was no room in the curriculum for both Shakespeare and the Bible, knowing, as we do now, that both of these two literary masterpieces were basic in the primary education of President Lincoln. Finally there was the occasional choir practice, where we learned such old English or Scottish songs like "Flow gently sweet Afton", "Do ye ken John Peel with his cod so grey". Some Christmas carols were also sung so that the children would be prepared for Christmas Eve when caroling teams would go out. These groups of carolers would end their singing with the refrain:

"Chucky birds , chucky birds , chuck , chuck , chuck.
 Throw us a penny and you'll have good luck.
 If you havn't got a penny a hae'penny will do;
 And if you havn't got a hae'penny, God bless you!"

Obviously, even as German refugees with names like Hans (myself) and Rolf (my brother) we met with considerable acceptance in Yorkshire. We were also the only Jews in the area, the closest congregation being in Darlington, 20 miles away. The teachers seemed to model this kind of openness. There was the occasional child who would be a trouble-maker but he would be the exception. For example, I remember that one day perhaps six tanks, very small ones and no match for the Germans, came through town and the soldiers stopped on the village green near school and had their tea. They allowed the children to go inside the tanks, but one little trouble-maker wanted to go first and said , pointing to me, "He's German and Jewish". The soldier paid no attention to him.

And so our time in Yorkshire ended. It should be added that life in Yorkshire has now changed a great deal, judging from our 1997 visit. The Manor now has a modern heating system, electricity upstairs as well as downstairs, hot and cold running water on the second floor, and the outhouse is now a storage shed. Also three men take care of the cows aided by all the modern machinery like tractors, front-end loaders , and 4-wheeler Toyota trucks. Even the sheep dog now rides on the back of a three-wheel dirt-bike and jumps off on command to do his work. Mr. Scott's grandson, also named Leonard , now lives in the Manor with his wife Elizabeth, and his two children. Elizabeth is a teacher in Leyburn which is where the Bellerby children now go to school, the village school having been converted to a residence. She no longer has to bake bread and do all the other labor-intensive tasks once done by farm-wives. The new-generation Leonard is a modern farmer who drives a Saab. He is a business man as well as a farmer with such skills as being able to artificially inseminate his cows and heifers. In 1997 when we visited the farm we watched him do it expertly. Keeping a bull around, as I recall from earlier years, was no fun as bulls were temperamental and dangerous. They were useful, however, for sex education for young boys like me. I was not really allowed to see when a cow was being "serviced" (mated with a bull) but I sometimes managed to sneak a look and the men were too busy to chase me away. And so things change.

Ralph having already left a few months earlier to go to the ORT school in Leeds, it was now my turn to leave Yorkshire even though I was not yet 14. However, mother had made a connection with a rabbi who was on the board of Stotley Rough School in Haslemere, Surrey where I was to go next. Also, Mr. Barclay, the gentleman mother met while with the Manuels, had pledged 100 pounds sterling for my tuition in the first year. Although mother had visited in Yorkshire once during our stay she did think my education would eventually suffer were I to leave school completely at fourteen like the other English children. Even now, at 13, she did not think I was learning enough. She was able to get one more year of schooling beyond age 14 for Ralph and she wanted at least the same for me. Up to this point we had received a basic grounding in English, Arithmetic, and British culture with emphasis on the North-country, accent and all, but obviously that was not enough.

My Bar Mitzvah

Before I started in boarding school there was a brief interlude in 1941 when I had my Bar Mitzvah. That summer I spent a few weeks in London with the Levis before beginning boarding school. It was no longer so dangerous in London and the South of England because the Germans were now bombing only at night, having taken too many casualties in day-time raids. In preparation for my visit I was instructed to come with about two dozen eggs, enough for baking some cakes, and I was told how to pack them. I collected the eggs by visiting a great many farms on my bicycle and asking for two or three each time as eggs were a precious commodity even in the rural areas. Individually wrapped in newspaper and arranged in a cigar box, I brought them in my suitcase without a crack in any of them. Ready for my Bar Mitzvah now, a Rabbi was found to give me what instruction he could in about a week. I learned how to sing the "Shema". The "Shema", which proclaims the unity of God, and the Ten Commandments (Deuteronomy VI) were the reading for my Bar Mitzvah day. It was a real honor, the Rabbi said, to be reading that portion of the Torah that day because it contained the essence of Judaism. I still had to borrow a dressy dark blue Bar Mitzvah suit and when we found someone who had one, I was all set. Rabbi Bernstein was the Rabbi. He was a wonderful man and refused to accept any money for his tutoring. Eventually, Rabbi Bernstein was killed in action serving with the British Eighth Army in Italy.

The synagogue was the Norrice Lea synagogue in Hampstead Garden Suburb. It still stands. Present at my Bar Mitzvah were, if I remember correctly, Ralph, mother, the Levis, and their friends. I had no friends in London and I don't think the Manuels came. There may have been some jealousy over my mother. The Manuels had always thought the Levis as being too possessive and controlling with mother, and I sometimes had to agree with that. There were no Bar Mitzvah presents that I can recall. In war-time England all celebrations were very low-key. In fact, I distinctly remember that, at the Bar Mitzvah party, I wanted a second slice of cake. It was denied me as we were short. I was not happy about that, especially as I had brought the eggs that went into the cakes in the first place.

Stoatley Rough School

On a day in September 1941, having just turned 13, I took the train from Waterloo Station in London and traveled the 40 miles or so to Haslemere, Surrey, where Stoatley Rough was located. The train, then and throughout the war, was always full of sailors who sang "naughty" songs as they went on their way to their ships harbored in Portsmouth, about 30 miles further down the railway line. I was met at the station by John Obermeyer and Martin Owens, who are still my friends to this day. Obo, as we called him, is now living in Columbia very near us and Martin lives in Boston. Obo had met mother and me a few weeks earlier when we toured the school and he had served as our guide. The two boys put my suitcases on their bicycles and we walked the two miles or so up Farnham Lane.

It was to be a difficult adjustment for the first six months as life in this environment was so totally different from what I had been used to in Yorkshire. The intellectual challenge was to be greater but there was much less individual attention. Thus, there was a far greater need for the young

boys and girls to look to each other for support. I was to be in Stroatley Rough School for a little more than three years.

Stroatley Rough was located on the top of a hill, next to Hindhead Heath, near an especially beautiful overlook called the Devil's Punchbowl. It is still a beautiful part of England and relatively unspoiled. At the time, about half the heath was closed to us because the British had erected about four big radar towers which, unknown to the Germans, probably had helped locate the German planes during the Battle of Britain. The Battle of Britain was the name used for the fighting in the air when, from about 1940 to 1942, the German bombers attacked London and the few British pilots in the Royal Air Force tried to shoot them down. On one side of Stroatley Rough was The Royal Naval School. That school was a boarding school for the daughters of British naval officers. The school was surrounded by thick shrubbery and, if we were found peeking through it, our principal would get a letter of complaint. That was about as far as it went in terms of our contact with this neighboring school. On the other side of Stroatley Rough were a few houses belonging to some retired people. One of these houses served as a command post for civil defense purposes and, as we got older, a few other boys and I went there during nights when there were heavy raids on London and passing planes were liable to drop their bombs. Our job would have been to get on our bicycles to summon the fire equipment or medical help should ordinary communications fail. More usually, however, we were entertained in the middle of the night with tea and cookies by our lovely hosts whose house was our gathering place. Then, down the hill, going into the valley in which Haslemere was located, were two tennis courts, one of which was used as a sports field for our physical education classes, our ten-minute "run" when we first got up, and for other events. The other tennis court had little use because, it seemed, there was no staff to take care of it. The view into the valley was beautiful and our strategic position high up above the valley enabled us to look down into the cockpits of passing fighter planes when they flew low. None could go faster than about 400 miles per hour. When the pilots were taking a training flight through the valley we could usually wave to them and they would sometimes wave back.

A little further down the hill was the school farm. It boasted a cow, some hens, perhaps a few other farm animals though no sheep, a large apple orchard, and several fields of fruit bushes including gooseberries. The farm helped supplement our diet a little beyond the regular food rations that were determined by the government. Later, when we became more daring, we would sometimes raid the orchard but our "honor among thieves" code prevailed most of the time. That meant that we only gathered the apples lying on the ground. Anything we would have taken beyond that might have deprived our less adventurous peers. There was also a swimming pool very cleverly built with tree branches woven to hold in the sides of a dug-out portion of a brook which provided constantly running water. However, it still was not always clean and no one ever tested the water to see if it complied with any sort of public health code. The farm, as indeed all the school, had electricity, but living on the farm was still a little more primitive. As the boys became older, they and some girls were sometimes moved to the farm where they would do more of the farm chores than the rest of us. A supervising teacher/farmer would make sure everyone behaved and did some work as well. I never lived on the school farm but I had chores there like everyone else.

I first lived in a prefabricated building which we called the "hut". It had two bedrooms, one for five boys and one for three, a room for one of the arts-and-crafts teachers whose additional duty was to be in charge of us, a bathroom which had one shower, and a separate toilet which always seemed to be dirty. An attached hut was for the "household girls", older girls perhaps sixteen to eighteen, who helped mostly with the younger children and received some education as well. We even had a boiler room with a small coal furnace stoked by a boy whose chore this was. This provided us with hot water and steam for the central heating with which these huts were equipped. The boiler room was also a good place to smoke secretly when we could get some cigarettes, Woodbines, the cheapest. Next to us, also among the trees, was a bungalow housing the school office and the offices of the three main founders of the school, our principal, Dr. Lion, our French and German teacher, Dr. Wolf, and our Music teacher, Dr. Leven. Dr. Lion and Dr. Wolf also lived in the bungalow, but I do not recall if Dr. Leven lived there too or was already living in her house in Hindhead.

The main building of Stroatley Rough consisted of what was once a large, beautiful English country house, already somewhat run down by the time I arrived. Counting the basement, which had a dorm for about 10 pre-adolescent boys, there were four floors. There were larger and smaller rooms used as dormitories for the girls. Four relatively large rooms, each with about three tables seating from six to ten persons were especially important because they doubled as dining and class-rooms. The rooms, with beautiful views of the valley, served both purposes surprisingly well. For meals we were assigned to tables with certain teachers or staff who acted as informal supervisors but also provided companionship. The rosters for the tables provided for a diversity of age and gender and they were changed every few months. I remember no situations where these rosters could be tampered with by the children to accommodate special friends or even siblings. The staff probably had its own criteria, all very intuitive, the main idea being that everyone should learn to get along with everyone else. The food for all the meals had to be carried up one or two flights of stairs by children assigned this duty. After meals, the four main rooms were quickly converted into class-rooms or rooms for study periods.

There was no "housekeeping" department as such. This would have been a luxury the school could not afford, but there was one teacher who organized it all and did it very well. That was Miss Astfalck. The household girls, mentioned above, were seemingly selected from among those who might have left school but, not having families in England, may have preferred to stay. Whether keeping them around did them a favor I do not know. Some of them later felt that they had been exploited and I think many were. The rationale for keeping these girls in school was to teach them child-care skills but they also did ordinary housekeeping tasks along with the rest of us. There was a sincere effort made to have these girls share lectures and cultural events with the upper grades but I do not know if this made any of them really happy. By contrast, the boys who were ready to leave school were more easily placed into apprentice situations where they could support themselves at least minimally.

I should mention that there was a grounds-keeper who lived in a coach house at the entrance to the school. He was somewhat of a character and seemed to spend much of his time repairing his

car which, because of gasoline shortages and its condition, would not really have gone anywhere.

Nearly all our beds were folding beds which could be moved about and, with slip-covers, actually looked quite presentable. However, they were not exactly comfortable. Properly placed during the day, they did provide more space for living. At night many of the beds were no more than two or three feet apart. Surprisingly, our rates of infectious illnesses, like mumps or bad colds, were not out of the ordinary. It is also surprising that we had few negative incidents that related to the fact that we really had little "space" that we could call our own.

I remember with special fondness the large drawing-room with the lead-framed windows looking out over the valley. It was used for special events, like "Friday Night", a two-hour period with our Music and Art teacher who, with her projector, showed us some of the great paintings from different periods going back to the Renaissance. The reproductions were in an impressive art-book that she used. She also played classical music for us and explained it with the help of her wind-up phonograph. Then, there was an activity called "stocking-darning" where, to the modulated voice of our English teacher, we were read passages or books from traditional English masterpieces while we learned to repair our "stockings" (we did not call them socks) because new ones could not be bought. The large room was also used by our music students for practice sessions of violin or the piano. A grand piano graced the room near the large bay window. The students repeated over and over the difficult sections of Mozart or Beethoven sonatas, the music floating over the whole valley when the windows were open. I never resented the practicing. We always knew who was at the piano and who was playing the violin and the music students nearly always received the appropriate praise or teasing from the rest of us. Unfortunately, I never learned an instrument. I think private music lessons cost additional money we did not have.

There were about ninety or a hundred students in the school. The youngest, one of three sisters whose mother wanted them to be together, was about eight years old, but most of the children were about ten or older. Few children stayed beyond the age of sixteen which was the then common standard for leaving a high school in England. For an elementary school like that in Yorkshire it was fourteen as I noted previously. A student graduated by passing an exam, and for the bright ones with a good foundation and a smooth progression in their education this might occur at the age of fifteen to seventeen. The British seemed to ask "What do you know?" and did not seem to care about how many "years" of a subject one had, a way of assessing learning that I had some difficulty getting used to later when I came to the United States. A number of students at the school had interrupted or uneven educational backgrounds because of dislocations stemming from the war and a few received some extra tutoring to help them cope. However, in general, not much was known about learning difficulties and it appeared to be erroneously assumed that the children who did not learn well were either less intelligent or not academically inclined. I was one of the students who, because of the somewhat narrow focus of my Yorkshire education, did receive some tutoring at one time from a more academically advanced student.

We had about five grades, each grade with eight to twelve students. Our teachers were generally quite knowledgeable about the subject matter they taught. Academically, we had a great

deal of personal attention and our teachers knew us well. We had frequent assignments and received much feedback. For example, almost every week we had a "precis", i.e. we were given an excerpt from Charles Dickens, Sir Walter Scott, or even the Bible, and had to rewrite it, keeping the central ideas, in one third the number of words. Still, the teachers knew us better intellectually than emotionally. Instruction was only about 40 minutes per subject, from about 9 a.m. to 12:30 noon. In the afternoon we had study periods or had to do the chores we were assigned to keep the school running. I was generally with the same boys and girls throughout my three years at the school, although I was skipped a grade in my second year. At about that point I had a tutor of sorts, a boy who tried to help me catch up in French. Apparently I had some catching up to do because the education I had received in the village school earlier had really been quite basic.

Next I will present the basic curriculum of the school. Later, I will devote some more attention to what I saw as the dynamics in how the children got along with each other, how faculty got along, and the interactions between faculty and students that made this school such a constructive experience. The school was modeled after what our founders thought as the basic outlines of an academic British boarding school. Thus English was the desired language even though nearly all of us were fluent in German too. Sometimes we were reprimanded by our teachers with the admonition "Kinder, sprecht Englisch!" (children, speak English). We always thought that it was very funny that we were given this admonition in German. However, it was rarely necessary to remind us. We all wanted to be very British. For a time we had an excellent math teacher who taught us in German and an exception was made for her.

Among the subjects everyone had to take was English composition, writing and grammar. We had Math, including Algebra, Geometry and Arithmetic and this subject was taught well only for about six months of the time I was there. In British and European history, another important subject, it was especially praiseworthy to memorize dates, like the Battle of Trafalgar (October 21, 1805). Then there was French composition and literature for the older children. German writing and literature was required of everyone. Geography was one of my favorite subjects and memorizing foreign capitals was a great way to show off. Additionally, there were some subjects that were hard to classify, like Political Science, Economics, and Sociology taught by our principal to the older children. These lectures sometimes dealt with Dr. Lion's earlier experiences in Germany working on behalf of women and the underprivileged. Finally music, i.e. playing an instrument, was taught to some children while others had music appreciation at some of the cultural events already mentioned. Once a boy's father came and gave a violin recital.

There was also religious instruction and I only remember that it was available for Jewish children. For the Christian children a local clergyman might have come now and then. I will say more about the Jewish instruction later. It was given by a distinguished faculty member from the University of Oxford who was an expert in Hebrew and Arabic. It was a long commute for this professor, Dr. Stein, who came only once every two weeks. He was assigned different groups for brief periods, depending on how much or little the children already knew. He, however, saw me alone, in a tutorial situation, and gave me some difficult assignments that I dutifully prepared for each of his visits.

Notably absent was instruction in the sciences like chemistry, physics, and biology. The main reason for the weak curriculum in math and science was probably that women in those days tended to be excluded from these subject areas or they were discouraged from entering them. Consequently there were not many women in any pool of teacher applicants who could teach these subjects. The women who taught us just had to do the best they could because most male teachers were in the army.

I shall now return to how religion was viewed at Stroatley Rough School and how this was played out in my case. I might add that there were no religious services of any kind, or of any denomination, in the school. However, once a year, the Jewish children who wanted to or those, not Jewish, who sang in the choir were taken to a synagogue in Guildford, about fifteen miles distant, on the evening of one of the high holidays. I should add here that, at thirteen, I had a beautiful soprano voice, an "angel's voice" a girl once confided to me, and I sang the "Avinu Malkenu" solo with some choir accompaniment. Before I was dismissed from the choir when my voice broke, I had also learned a part for Mendelsohn's Oratorio "Elijah". It was the psalm "Hebe Deine Augen Auf" or "Lift thine Eyes ." I mentioned earlier that in religious studies I received more attention than almost anyone in the school. It seems that, in retrospect, I was quite interested in that area and must have shown it to the point that my principal, Dr. Lion, asked me one day whether I wanted to be a rabbi. She indicated that I might be quite good at it and she would be willing to give me more time with Dr. Stein to test myself. I was taken aback by this offer. I had never thought about becoming a rabbi and I certainly did not expect such a suggestion from this principal who was a very assimilated Jew who never seemed to celebrate anything. I did, however, say yes to her offer as it seemed to be an opportunity one should not refuse.

The cues that I must have given out about my religious interests must have started, it seems, with father's death following which I observed the year of mourning as much as I could. There was no opportunity, of course, to say the Kaddish, a prayer for the dead that is also said in every sabbath service and should, if possible, be said where at least ten males over 13 (now modified in many congregations to include women) are present. One day when the boys went off to see a movie, a rare occasion, I decided not to go because this type of entertainment was not allowed during the year of mourning. My refusal to go may have attracted the principal's attention. I also occasionally talked about or made references to a book about great Jewish thinkers, writers, and artists. Perhaps I was trying to reassure myself that Jews were not the inferior human beings that Hitler had said they were, and I was still trying to work this through. The most telling sign that I was grappling with something seemed, however, to be my telling of Jewish ethnic jokes supplied by my cousin Justin but for a mainly Jewish audience. Word must have spread that I was telling these jokes and the principal approached me about it. In a very nice way she asked me to stop. She said such "jokes" can be misinterpreted especially by non-Jewish people or those not really identifying themselves as Jews. I remember believing that she was right and I was sorry that I had never looked at that aspect of it. I did stop doing this. Eventually, it seems, I was no longer so preoccupied with religion. With Dr. Stein's tutoring, I sat for the "Scriptures" exam, a subject one could choose as part of the high school graduation exam given by Cambridge University. That year the exam involved translating portions

of the books of Ezra and Nehemiah from Hebrew and a dialect of Hebrew, Aramaic, into English and learning about the historical and religious issues with which they dealt. I did well in the exam even with only the hour or so of instruction that could be spared for me every two weeks. However, I never seriously considered becoming a rabbi. I remember thinking that my faith was not solid enough, little realizing that this did not necessarily have to be a criterion disqualifying me as everyone, including many accomplished religious leaders of any denomination, sometimes have doubts.

I now realize that my principal's "religion" was probably her keen sense of social justice. Dr. Lion had been a Social Democrat in Germany and a leader of feminist organizations to boot. In some of her activities in Germany in the early thirties she had been joined by Dr. Wolf, our French and German teacher. None of these attributes, including her Jewish origin, would have endeared her to the Nazis. Consequently she left Germany at a time when immigration was a little easier and then went on to lay the foundations for the school she envisioned. She was joined in this by Dr. Wolf and, later, by Dr. Leven, our music teacher. They were able to obtain our school building through a foundation grant and, with some additional money that was raised, they started the school around 1935. The school was designed to provide an alternative in education for German-Jewish or other European children even before the persecution in Germany became totally intolerable. Obviously all of these three ladies with their Ph.D.'s were overqualified for high school teaching, but that was our good fortune.

Consistent with her belief, Dr. Lion required that all of us read Lessing's "Nathan der Weise" (Nathan the Wise), a play by a contemporary of Goethe and Schiller. The play was a plea for religious tolerance and was the inspiration of our "school badge", sown on our blazers. It showed three interlocking rings within a triangle to signify tolerance for three major Western and Middle-Eastern religions, Christianity, Judaism, and Islam.

Two of the three founders lived on the grounds of the school, in a bungalow not far from the hut where I and most of the older boys lived. They thus kept a close eye on what was going on. They did not, however, get very involved in child-care issues. They had astutely hired, early on, a person very knowledgeable in this slowly developing area. This person, Nore Astfalck, was not Jewish but she nevertheless had difficulties with the Nazi regime so that she was either forced to leave Germany or chose to do so. It was rumored that she and her friend, a shop-teacher, Miss Nacken, had been Communists. That would have been enough to get them in trouble. We, as children, never knew anything about these ladies' political views and no-one seemed to care. It was clear that they were dedicated to the children, and that is what counted. While a number of other teachers came and went, the three founders and Miss Astfalck were the ones who really kept the school functioning.

Thus, though at least some of our intellectual needs were well supplied, there were some glaring lacks in attention to our emotional needs. Certainly, very little was known then about how children develop and this must be taken into account. We had children with learning disabilities but this seemed to be sidestepped and the effort was made to give these children an education with a more vocational thrust. No-one had heard of crisis intervention or what to do with children who had

suffered losses, indeed were suffering them right then because they did not know where their parents were. Indeed, unpleasant things were simply not discussed. This was not necessarily bad, however. It was probably better to be silent than to give the children unrealistic hopes or facile words about being brave.

Sex seemed to be totally ignored as well, at least for us boys. The girls and boys in the school were often more like brothers and sisters to each other, even though teenage romances blossomed here and there. For us boys it was sometimes difficult to ignore our sexual urges when the developing girls were wearing sweaters which they had long outgrown but could not replace because clothing was rationed and there was no money to buy new ones. We often had crushes for the same girl, but that did not seem to matter because such things had to be kept very secret. The school's response to these awakening sexual feelings was to basically ignore them and to not encourage situations where a boy and girl would be left alone too often and for too long. We did receive some dance lessons by one enterprising teacher, but the preferred dance was mostly the waltz because the centrifugal force of spinning a girl around almost eliminated body contact. Certainly the tango would have been frowned on.

Denial was the main psychological mechanism used by the children. Some had not heard from their parents for months, even years, although they may have received an ominous card through the Red Cross pretending that all was well. It was already known that the Germans were killing people but the children whose parents were in danger seemed to totally ignore this. As for how all this applied to me, I still find it hard to understand how I could watch in the distance the red clouds over London, the result of flames from the air-raids, without it occurring to me that mother or Ralph would be in the thick of this. I was too occupied watching as the searchlights tried to pick out the German airplanes and wondering how many would be shot down.

I will now describe the nature of my relationships in the school, with particular focus on just a few of the boys in the "hut" with whom I was together for up to three years. We were all remarkably close in age, nearly all born in the summer of 1928.

To begin with, there was Peter Gaupp. Peter had been in the school two years before I arrived and he left a little earlier than I because he had an English guarantor who, it seemed, wanted him to be in a more English environment. A number of children had English guarantors, who may have had a financial or personal relationship with the parents to pay the childrens' tuition and generally look out for them. Peter also had an older brother, Dieter, who may have been about sixteen when he left school, actually to be interned as an "enemy alien" on the Isle of Man for a short while. The British only later became aware of how ridiculous these internments were. It seems that they were caught up in the same panic that sent the Japanese-Americans into internment in the United States in 1942. Peter's father was not Jewish but his mother was, which meant that both were persecuted. In addition, the father was an editor for a large Berlin publishing house and had some opinions, Peter said, the Nazis didn't like. So Peter escaped to Italy with his parents and then the family split up, the children to England and the parents to Texas at about the last moment. Peter eventually got a Ph.D. in Social Work and Public Health from the University of Pittsburgh and, after doing a lot of

community-organizing, became a professor at the University of Texas at Arlington. He was not brought up Jewish but that sort of thing never mattered to any of us. Peter and I continue to be good friends. We have come together for anniversaries and were just on a cruise to Alaska with some of the other "hut" boys.

Then there is "Obo", a nickname for Hans Obermeyer (now John). The name Obo was supposed to differentiate him from me as I had a similar name (Hans Goldmeier). I was given the name "Goldy" (no particular spelling). Obo came from an established Jewish family in Bad Salzuflen in Westphalia in Northern Germany. The family had lived in this small town for generations and was highly respected. His father had a large hardware store in the town and Obo eventually did something similar as a career when he headed an area distributorship for a large Illinois tool company. Obo has for a long period of time lived near me, or I near him, starting in Forest Hills, N.Y., where he lived with his uncle, and ending up in Columbia, Maryland. Obo's parents did not get out in time and were killed in one of the camps. His older brother was sent to Holland and the Nazis got him there. Obo's father, arranged his tuition by paying years in advance, I think, through another uncle in Holland who was also killed. It must have been difficult to live for six years with such total uncertainty about one's family ! However, denial was always respected, even encouraged, and no-one talked about this kind of situation with which many children had to cope. Obo knew my mother very well and, from way back, I remember an incident when mother took a watch Obo's parents had given him to London to be repaired. Mother could see it meant a lot to him and that he had no way of repairing it. Later, in the United States, when Obo lived in Forest Hills, he spent many a Passover Sedar with us; more recently too, in Columbia, with his wife Joan.

A third "boy" was Martin Friedenfeld. When he came to America in 1945 he changed his name to Martin F. Owens, taking the last name from his stepfather (formerly Oppenheimer) but keeping his original last name somehow as well. His parents were divorced either in Europe or early in their immigration to the United States. Martin, probably like a lot of us, came to England under the British government's quota that allowed the admission of 10,000 Jewish children if homes for them could be assured. I should add that about 9,500 were able to take advantage of this opportunity between November 1938 and the outbreak of the war in September 1939. Martin came from Vienna and, I believe, his family was Jewish in origin but not in observance. Our principal, however, nevertheless sent him and Obo to be Bar Mitzvah in London in the Chief Rabbi of England's synagogue, in an area called St. John's Wood. It was nicely arranged for them. They could spend almost two days in London, staying with a friend of Dr. Lion's. I have heard Obo recall this event. Martin was in the school about six years, although for a time he attended the local British school in town during the day with another boy, Felix. I don't know why there was that arrangement. But, at the time, no one was inclined to look into it.

Next, is Felix Schiller. He was a little younger than the rest of us. He came from Vienna too. His mother was able to escape also and lived in the town of Haslemere. Thus, she was probably able to see Felix more often than once monthly, on Visitor's Sunday, which was the schedule for most mothers and fathers who visited. My mother usually came once a month, and once in a while, Ralph came along as well. Felix must have come from a mixed marriage also. He was a quiet and gentle

boy and well liked. Felix, when he left school, took courses in Math and Science in which we were all deficient and was able to enroll in the University of Leeds for his MD studies which took seven years. When we saw him in Surbiton, a suburb of London where he later had his practice under the National Health Service, he was doing well but he smoked a lot. He said he was too busy. He had 4,500 patients and that was too much--he would rather have either 6,000 or 3,000. When I asked him to explain, he responded that 3,000 patients was a reasonable load for a single practice but that with 6,000 he would be eligible for an assistant! Unfortunately Felix died about 10 years ago and no-one ever heard from his wife who moved back to Somerset, her original home.

Then there was Wolfgang Edelstein, now Wolf Elston, who currently lives in Albuquerque, New Mexico. There, he was head of the Geology Department at the University of New Mexico until he retired a few years ago. For a time Wolf, I, and an English boy, Francis LeMesurier, were living in the smaller room of the hut. Wolf and his brother Gerd, who had left Stotley Rough before I came, were from Berlin. Wolf wrote a very interesting little memoir about his experiences in a private school where his "protector" was no less than the son of a man who later became a war criminal. The man's name was Frank who was Governor of Poland for Hitler and was responsible for the murder of many Jews and Poles. Wolf's parents were, I believe, Jewish but had converted sometime before Hitler. Not that all this meant anything to the Nazis as the parents were forced to leave anyway. While the two brothers managed to get to England, the parents were able to escape at almost the last moment to the United States. Wolf's mother was a pediatrician who later established a practice on Stuyvesant Square in New York, while the father, formerly a lawyer, later taught Math in a New Jersey college. Wolf was always the smartest of our bunch and when we talked about who got the best grade in anything, which did not happen that often as grades were always less important than learning, we generally left Wolf out because we all knew that he was probably highest. Wolf was always good-natured about this. Once in a while I could even beat him with naming the capital of some never-heard-of country. Wolf engaged with us in the usual boyish pranks, like the time we "stole" the school radio after lights out, connected it with a cord into the closet, and listened to our hearts content to Glen Miller playing over the American Armed Forces Network. This station broadcast such hits, now old favorites, like "Chatanooga Choo-Choo" and "The Atchinson, Topeka, and the Santa Fe" which usually made us head for the atlas to look up where these places were. We also liked to listen to the German station in France and to hear their version of the news in German, broadcast to their troops, boasting of their successes when they were really losing. A British "traitor" who read the news for the Germans when it came on in English was nick-named Lord Haw Haw by the British. I might say in passing that we were quite restricted in our use of the radio for reasons I can't fully explain and so this "stealing" of the radio, which was returned without anyone noticing, was somewhat of an act of rebellion.

While sharing a room with Wolf and Francis, there were some incidents with Francis which, it seems, led the school to recruit me for an important "child care" task. Unknowingly, this probably also tested me out in terms of my ability or confidence in a human service profession. Francis had epileptic seizures at night which I both heard and saw with some concern but without knowing what to do. Wolf slept more soundly, but I woke him up so he could support me when I went to our "child care" people to tell them. I had gone to them already and no-one seemed to believe

me when I described what I heard and saw. Finally, after Francis had a seizure during the day in the dining room, the child-care person, Miss Astfalck, took me more seriously. She asked me if I would be willing to move to the main building with Francis so that if there was a seizure at night I could more easily get a responsible person to help. The move required some other difficult tasks, however, but I could hardly say no, seeing what the school had already done for me.

Thus, at the age of 15, I was also to be a sort of "counselor" in this dorm of about ten boys who were about twelve years old. I was told I just had to make sure things were quiet, and if they were not, call someone. Francis and I slept in a little partition of the dorm, with canvas walls. It was supposed to be a nice little room but it was actually quite small for the two of us and a bit lonely as well as I was separated from my other friends. Before us, this little cubicle was occupied by two seventeen-year-old girls who apparently had some difficulty with the boys, not surprisingly, as few boys that age do well with girl-counselors, especially at night. Also, the girls complained that the young boys had cut little peep-holes in the canvas.

These sketches of my friends at Stroatley Rough is necessarily incomplete both in terms of how much I wrote and whom I included. I hope I am forgiven for errors of inclusion or omission. Also, I regret any inaccuracies or distortions, all of which are bound to creep in after so many years. I mainly tried to show how our histories were so similar that we were all, almost throughout our lives, drawn to each other. My mention of the Jewish identification of each of us was simply not to ignore that religious persecution and our being Jewish or part-Jewish, in origin if not in observance, was really the major reason our parents found it safest to leave Germany, the children ending up in Stroatley Rough School. Also, it is good to be able to say that our religious beliefs or origins were never a problem. Additionally, I have tried to show that the war was always prominent in our thinking because it determined so much in our lives. As an example, we had maps with little flags where we followed the Russian, North-African, and European theaters of operation as the front-line see-sawed back and forth. We learned the names of towns and cities where there was fighting, many that no-one can recall any more. The big armies we followed were like the sports teams that we follow to-day. All of us "boys" are now in the United States, having come over from about 1945 to 1947. Now, we are all retired although, each in our own way, keeps busy with hobbies, consults occasionally, or does whatever he likes to do. As we are dispersed all over the United States we only see each other occasionally but we are frequently in touch.

There are some additional examples of how the war impacted on our daily lives. I have already noted that each of us dealt with the separation from our parents, even their possible deaths, in our own way, mostly by denial. I have also referred to the food shortages about which no one really complained. Sometimes the girls felt sorry for us boys with our huge teen-age appetites and gave us potatoes from their plates, thus being nice to us while they were also trying to stay slim on our starchy food. However, there were frequent occurrences that reminded us that a war was being fought either in the air close by, or on the ground not much further away. I shall give three examples.

One had to do with my being responsible for the black-out curtains for the large dormitory in the main building when there was an air-raid. That meant that I had to climb on the window sills

of the long bay windows to fasten the curtains which were always open to allow for fresh air. If a bomb would have dropped at the moment I was standing there so exposed, it could have been serious because of flying glass. I was afraid to do this chore but gathered up my courage when I had to do it. One time, I remember, the German planes came closer to Haslemere than usual and there was some anti-aircraft fire and concussions from bombs which made the birds chirp even at night. Bombs can sound just like thunder, especially when far away, but apparently there are differences in the atmospheric pressure that make birds chirp when there are bombs but not when there is thunder. I had learned that in Yorkshire where the birds chirped at night when Manchester, about eighty miles away, was being bombed. Hearing the noise, one of the boys came into my little room as if to ask me to stop it all. He was afraid too and asked to stay, but the little room was already crowded. Still, I remember getting his mattress and putting it on the floor next to me, holding his hand from my bed until he fell asleep.

Another example was early in my stay at Stoalety Rough when the air-raids were already diminishing but there still was enemy activity. There was even one pleasant activity in which the Germans engaged. They sometimes dropped aluminum foil strips all over the school grounds and the heath where the radar towers were. The aluminum foil was supposed to render the radar ineffective. However, some of us gathered it, especially around Christmas time, to decorate the one or two small trees or branches some students had. A less pleasant incident occurred one night as I was having my scheduled, weekly bath in the better equipped bathroom of the main building. There was a terrific explosion which made me crouch almost below the water level, sheltered by the sides of the tub. I stayed in that position a while, expecting more. When I saw that there was to be no more I quickly put on my clothes and, still with soapy hair, put on my steel helmet to report to my civil defense station. That is where I was a "fire-bomb messenger" and had to be ready to get on my bicycle to call the fire engines if telephone connections were cut. We later learned that a German plane with a full bombload had crashed in Hindhead, across the heath.

The third example was "D-day". The term D-day was short for "debarkation-day" which occurred June 6th, 1944. It signaled the invasion of Normandy. For weeks before that date the allies had bombed the coastal areas of France which were only 75 miles away. It was about 35 miles to Portsmouth and then 40 more miles across the channel. We had been used to the constant sound of allied planes which often had their rendezvous above us before they set out to bomb Germany as we guessed where they were going. Around D-day it was a little different, however. For one thing the activity was so frequent that most of us had to sleep through it if we were to have any rest at all. It continued daily and by night for perhaps four weeks. Only on D-day was everyone up to watch a sky constantly full of planes, the DC-3's pulling gliders so low that the trees bent in their wake. D-day, and the days before and later were exciting ones for us. Tanks, trucks and masses of troops, mostly British, Canadians, and Americans, were noisily making their way down the crowded Portsmouth Road to the coast and this traffic went on forever. I was at the Haslemere train station a few days after D-day and saw long lines of ambulances, most of them American, waiting to pick up the wounded who were expected by train from Portsmouth. I suppose out of sight of the bloodshed, war inures us, and the ambulance drivers were passing the time joking with each other despite their serious assignment. So I joined the soldiers who were quite friendly, and asked them

to tell me where they came from and about America because that is where I was going. They were happy to do so. However, the Canadians teased me, saying I should go to Canada instead.

In discussing my closer friends at the school, I should mention a girl who was about six months older than I, with whom I had a very innocent on-again off-again boy-girl relationship for about two years while at Stroatley Rough. While recounting the story of this relationship I will jump ahead, to America, for the sake of continuity. Her name was Marion and she came from Berlin. Once in a while when no-one was around, which was seldom, we might hold hands or there would be a peck on the cheek, but that was about it. The norms were not to be conspicuous so as to avoid teasing. For example taking walks together would definitely set tongues wagging, though it happened anyway. Marion's parents had managed to escape to the United States at the last moment, a familiar story. However, they were now divorced and we talked about this as though we could do something about it! Marion made my life at Stroatley Rough a little more interesting but the real sequel came later in America. When I was about to leave England, Marion was very distressed that her parents had made no moves to send her a ticket to come to the United States. It seemed neither of them was going to pay for the ticket until Marion committed herself to live with one or the other parent. Marion felt she could not do that at this distance and after a six-year separation from them. So things were at an impasse and I was asked by her to try to resolve this family dispute upon my arrival in America. She had an uncle in England but she felt she belonged in America. Shortly after my arrival in the United States, and all of sixteen years old, I then visited each parent and gave each of them news of Marion. I did what I could to persuade them to let their animosities take a place secondary to the interest of their daughter. I found the father living in a rented room on Fort Washington Avenue on the upper west-side of Manhattan. He was already somewhat elderly, probably another example of the German-Jewish culture of the time when men married women who were considerably younger.. The family had a large, well-known chocolate factory in Berlin before the Nazis took it over and the father's situation in America must have been a come-down. The father did not appear to have adjusted well at all.

The mother, whom I saw next, was not much better off. She lived in an old walk-up apartment on the upper East Side, near Third Avenue when the old El was still running there and before urban renewal. I followed the same approach with the mother as I had followed with the father. However, I felt that I was not making enough progress with either parent and so I enlisted my own mother's help. We decided it would be best to invite Marion's mother for a social visit to our Washington Heights apartment. This happened one Sunday afternoon and, after that, things started to move. Soon Marion was in the United States. We saw each other for another six months or so and then our relationship abruptly ended. Marion had met a young man from Indiana and was going to marry him. Marion and her mother were then living in a residential hotel in Manhattan. When I came to see Marion there and called her on the house telephone she told me to not even come upstairs! This kind of ending, after all my efforts, hurt me deeply but we had obviously grown apart and I had not realized that. So here was another lesson I had to learn. It seemed that gratitude is a very complex quality in people and some can feel it and express it to one degree or another and some can not. Also, it was clear that gratitude is not what cements a good relationship. Ironically, Marion contacted me about twelve years later, after two children and a divorce, but this time I was able to

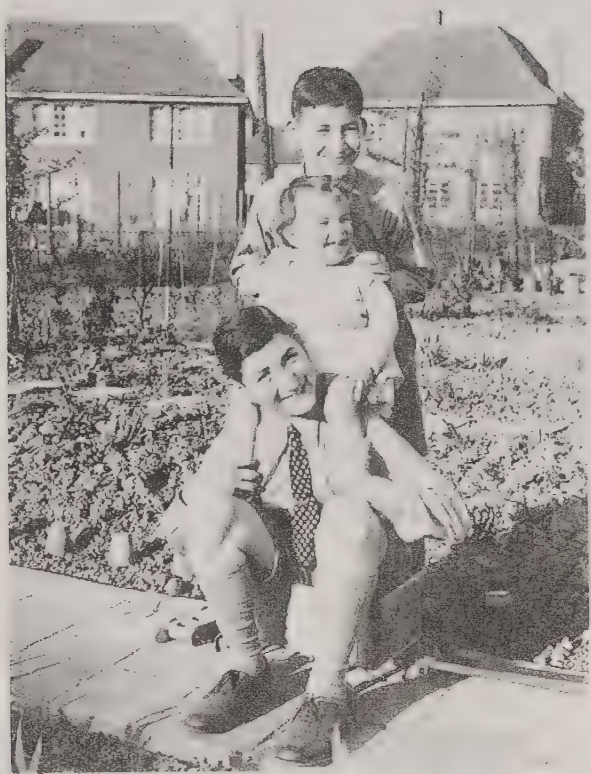
see that we had grown even further apart.

At Stootley Rough School I was now approaching the critical month of December 1944 when I was scheduled to take my exams and then leave school. Dr. Lion, the principal, had somehow managed to keep me in school for just over three years and when my mother kept expressing concern about who was paying for all this, she was simply told not to worry. Later, I discovered what had happened. An alumni group in England had been able to save most of the school's documents upon dissolution of the school in the 1950's and there was a file on me. The group had managed to place the records in the archives of one of the London universities and sent me my file, but not until the 1980's. In it, I saw many letters from my mother pleading for consideration so I could finish high school. Meanwhile, the principal, unknown to mother, was trying to obtain money from the Jewish Agency, Bloomsbury House, and there was some correspondence about this. One telling interchange was that Bloomsbury House wanted to cut me off precisely at age sixteen because it was against their policy, they wrote, to support children longer unless it was a case of an especially "gifted person". The principal wrote back with remarkable honesty that, no, I was not a super-gifted person, but that I had come to school with many educational deficits and could they not make an exception. They did, and so I was the beneficiary of the noblest form of "charity". According to Rabbi Maimonides, who lived in Spain in the 11th Century, the highest form of charity is when the giver (the British Jewish community) does not know the actual recipient of the charity and the recipient does not know the source of the generosity, thus preserving the dignity of the recipient.

That December 1944 I took my exams for the Cambridge University Matriculation. This type of exam, slightly different in each high school depending on the university involved, was a comprehensive but intensive examination signifying high school graduation. I took Math, including Arithmetic, Algebra, and Geometry; English writing, grammar and comprehension; English Literature including thorough knowledge of two plays by Shakespeare (Hamlet and Richard II that year); British and European History from 1689 to 1914; and German as a foreign language. These five were the required subjects. My electives, to make a total of seven subjects, were French, and Scripture as I explained earlier. These examinations were very difficult and we all studied hard for them. In the literature part we would, for example, be given an excerpt from a character in a play and asked to identify who was saying what to whom and the state of mind of the speaker. Or, in history we could spout forth with a rundown of the reform bills in the 19th Century that made Britain into more of a democracy than it had been. These types of exams have now been replaced by "A Levels" and "O Levels" but they are still rigorous. I passed the examination quite well and we celebrated later with our teachers. We had tea and "biscuits" in the school library. And so, in December 1944, it was now time to leave school. It had been an enriching experience, challenging notions that children inevitably do not do well in "institutional" type settings. Ours had been a unique one.

Also in December 1944 we were informed by the British authorities that the U-boats were no longer the menace they once were. Because of them most passenger traffic across the Atlantic had stopped in about 1940. We were told to be ready to depart from a train-station in London for a port somewhere in the United Kingdom at 24 hours notice. Still, to assure our safety, everything,

including details of the ship and its port of departure were kept secret. Mother arranged for me to stay on the farm in Yorkshire to await the notice, so I also had a chance to say good-bye there. The notice came early in February 1944 and I was quickly on my way to London.



Ralph and I at the Levi's, London, 1939



Mother, London, 1940



Wolfson family with Ralph
Sunderland, 1939

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George Wolfson's business card
1939



The Manuel's, London, 1941



The Manor, Bellerby, Yorkshire. Photo taken in 1947.



My pet lamb, 1940



In the loft, 1941



On my bicycle, 1941



Mrs. Scott and Dolly, 1941



Mr. Scott and his brother (rear)
Raymond and Ralph (front)
1941



Ralph, 1940



Taking care of my hens
1941



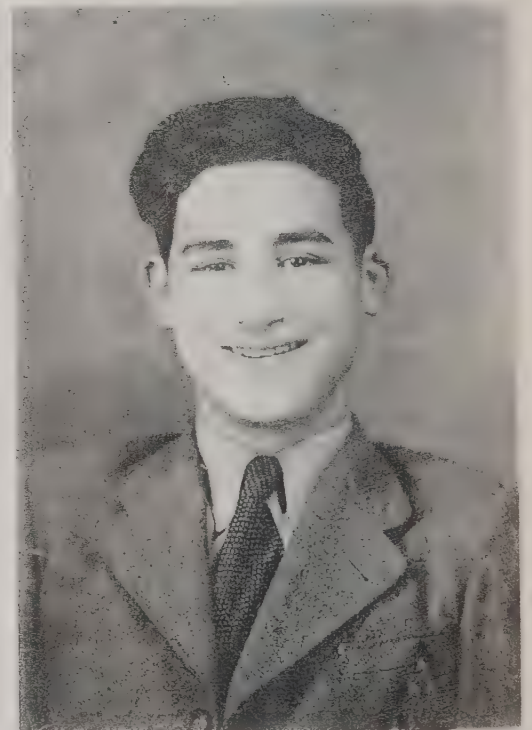
Stroatley Rough School, Haslemere
Main Building, 1944



Miss Astfalck,
Director of Child Care
1943



Dr. Lion, Principal (left)
Dr. Leven, Music Teacher
1944



The graduate, 1944



Going on duty: Civil Defense
With Martin Owens (left) and
Wolf Elston (center)



Ralph, U. S. Army
Marburg, Germany, 1945



Mother, New York, 1947



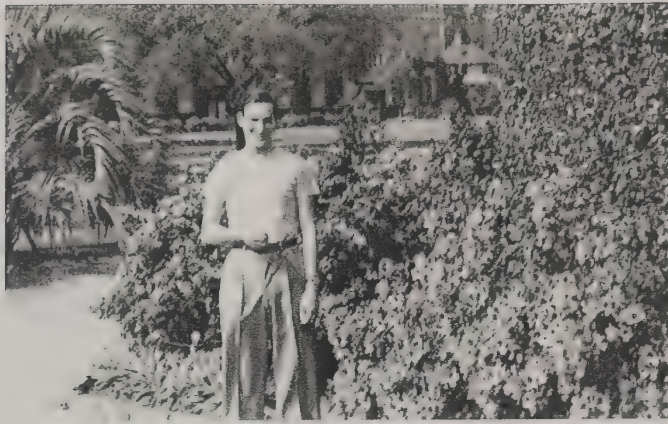
The Catskills, our quarters, 1947



As waiter, Hotel Mathes, 1947



Uncle Carl, U. S. Army
1944



Tulane University, New Orleans, 1951



U. S. Army, Paris, 1953



58th General Hospital, France, 1954



Orleans, 1954



In my office, France, 1954



Our wedding – December 24, 1961

(from left to right) Mother and stepfather Joe, John and Dottie, Dottie's parents

CHAPTER 3: AMERICA 1945-1961

Voyage to America

The trip to America was a wonderful adventure for a boy like me and I relished every moment of it. That we had a lot of "intelligence" work to do to figure out where, when, and how we were going was an added bonus. After the 24-hours notice, I immediately departed from Yorkshire to London where mother had all suitcases packed for weeks. I think it was February 2nd, 1945 when we reported to Paddington or Euston Station in London, I am not quite sure which. Most people familiar with the British rail system know that, still to-day, Paddington and Euston serve the West of England. So we could be going to a port like Swansea or Cardiff in Wales, or may be Bristol in South-West England. We did not know until the train started that we were going to a port in Wales and, when it stopped in Swansea, we were immediately conducted to our ship. It was a 12,000 ton Cunard merchant ship that once also carried bananas from Jamaica. It had room for 150 passengers apportioned four to a cabin, all males and females of whatever age separated. We remained in port about four days, not moving from the pier while we were loaded up with coal from small British freight cars, which were tipped with a large crane way above the little ship. The coal entered the hold with a deafening noise. There were no Diesel engines yet for these small ships and, on the voyage, there was a fair amount of smoke on deck. After three days we moved out into the Irish Sea where we circled a day or two more while other ships joined us. We then moved out into the Atlantic Ocean where we circled again until we were about 60 ships, mostly going to the United States or Canada empty to bring more supplies on the return trip. This was the convoy assembly phase in which we were joined by escorts, like submarine chasers, small liberty cargo ships, some with an aircraft on a tiny flight-deck, and a destroyer or two. The full convoy then proceeded at the speed of the slowest ship. It was easy enough to determine from the position of the sun and the warmer weather that we were proceeding in a southerly direction. The convoy passed near the Azores islands to pick up air cover from our bases there and from there we proceeded to the area near Bermuda for more air cover. However, near Bermuda something unpredictable happened, a huge winter storm that tossed the ship like a cork, plates crashing, and waves so high that they reached above the bridge. A day or two later we were almost alone on the ocean. The convoy had dispersed to avoid collisions and every ship was on its own. Our ship then zig-zagged North along the American coastline. Our first exciting sign, other than more birds, that we were close to the American coastline was that music and news from local radio stations were sometimes transmitted through our public address system. We arrived in Halifax, Nova Scotia, around February 27th, a voyage of about twenty-five days.

Ship-board life was quite an experience. The passengers were mostly refugees but there were also some British and American ladies who were the wives of high officers and diplomats. There were a number of young people with whom we played shuffleboard on the deck when the weather was good. We drank lots of coke in the bar. I had never had a coke before. We also had bananas after we had not seen any for six years. Then there were hot dogs and hamburgers. For me the food

was really exciting. I was quite seasick the first day but not again, even during the big storm, and this made the trip, including the food, that much more enjoyable. Once in a while our naval escorts dropped depth charges to scare the U-boats away but there was never a problem. The depth-charges made a lot of noise when they exploded under the water.

When we arrived in Halifax it was covered with snow and it was a beautiful view from the sea. After Halifax, we began what was to be a story-book train-ride along the St. Lawrence river to Montreal. We could never see the St. Lawrence because of the constant snow. The train stopped in every little town along the river. They had magical names, like Trois Riviere and Mont Jolie. There were other frequent stops to wait for the snow plow to pass. We were able to get off and have fun in many of the little towns. For example, we tried to speak French and understand the totally unfamiliar French accent. There were hard-boiled eggs to be had, stored in large salt water jars on the counters of little general stores. And, really quaint, were the large sleds drawn by horses. These looked like something out of the film "Dr. Zhivago." When the train whistle sounded we would all get back on the train. I think it took at least 48 hours to reach Montreal where we changed trains, and then we took another two hours to reach St. Albans, Vermont, in the middle of the night. Finally, we were in America. We arrived about 8 a.m. at Pennsylvania Station in New York City and were met by uncle Carl and his wife, Alma. They said that for the longest time no one could tell them where we were and when we would arrive.

Arrival in America:

So here we were. Mother had turned forty years old on the boat, Ralph had his eighteenth birthday just before we sailed, and I was now about sixteen-and-a-half. Ralph had to register for the draft immediately and expected to go into the army. I had no idea what I wanted to do except get some kind of job and go to college in the evenings. Mother hoped to get a small apartment for all of us and get a job herself. Everything seemed so vague at this point and it seemed we all needed some time to breathe after all that excitement. We also needed to take a look around.

In looking around, there was much that impressed me. First of all, everything in this country seemed so big. The cars, the skyscrapers, the large apartment houses in Washington Heights with their ugly fire-escapes looking right onto the street, the heavy traffic even though the war was still on and there was gas rationing. Then there still was food-rationing, even in America, but it was most generous by British standards. The subway was also quite an experience for me as I had to take the "A" train downtown and I had never been on such a crowded train. Also, I had never seen so many Black people. The A-train, incidentally, was a theme of one of the big-bands tunes we had heard in England, listening to the American Armed Forces Network. It stopped, underground, at 145th and 125th streets in Harlem.

All of us first stayed in Carl and Alma's apartment in Washington Heights, on the upper West-side of Manhattan. We had no means so our choices were limited. However, we were all in good health and soon eager to explore all the opportunities that might be available. First we had to do something about our living situation and this was temporarily taken care of when Ralph and I

soon moved to a rented room around the corner and mother was able to get a job which was just perfect for what we needed. Mother was able to associate herself with a physician who had many old patients who needed a full-time, sleep-in companion. For several months mother worked on these jobs and we were able to save some money because mother had free room and board. Meanwhile both Ralph and I also got jobs. So we had our meals mostly at Carl and Alma's and spent the weekend with mother when she had a day off. After about two months, we were lucky enough to find an apartment on 189th Street and St. Nicholas Ave in upper Manhattan. We had enough money by then to "bribe" the superintendent of the apartment by paying high prices for some second hand furniture conveniently left in the apartment we wanted. We learned quickly that this was how one got an apartment in New York. We also had some furniture from our grandmother which Carl had kept in storage all during the war.

For Ralph and I, looking for a job also had to receive attention. Because mother still seemed to have the old German idea that one should always consult an "expert", she arranged for us to talk to some acquaintance, a refugee who had "made it" and now had a factory in the Bronx which turned out umbrellas. He also had an office high up in a building on Fifth Avenue. Mother must have thought that he might have a paid job for us. So, one day we trooped into his office and the gentleman asked Ralph and I a lot of questions. He may also have provided some advice which must have gone right over my head. I only remember seeing the man sit behind his desk with large windows behind him that looked right out onto the Empire State Building. With this kind of distraction, I naturally looked right past him. The outcome was that the gentleman told my mother that I was still too young for anything serious but he did offer Ralph a job at minimum pay turning out umbrellas in the Bronx. Ralph took the job, knowing he would not have it long as he had already registered for the draft and the army was about to call him up.

With Ralph things moved quickly as soon as we arrived. By the end of March, a month after our arrival, Ralph was already inducted into the army. I am quite sure that he thought the army was a lot more interesting than making umbrellas. He was sent to Camp Gordon in Georgia for basic training and around April of 1945 he was taken to the federal court in Columbia, South Carolina, where he was sworn in as an American citizen. At that point Ralph changed his name from Rolf Martin Goldmeier to Ralph M. Gomar. He reasoned that were he to go overseas and be captured he did not want to be vulnerable on account of a German-Jewish name. His citizenship after only a few months here was probably a record, but the army, to its credit, seemed to think that if a soldier was willing to fight for his country he ought to, at least, be a citizen of it. That May, Ralph was on a troopship bound for Germany where there still was fighting when he left but a cease-fire by the time he arrived. Ralph had a very interesting tour of duty in Germany and perhaps I'll leave it to him to write his own memoirs of that! As soon as Ralph was in the army he claimed mother as a dependent and made it possible for her to receive an allotment (a check every month) which, at some sacrifice to himself, enabled mother and me to have a little more financial security as we started out.

Later, upon his return from the army, Ralph worked and went to Hunter College. This might seem odd for someone who had not graduated from high school. However, I had noticed that the basic courses in college seemed to duplicate much of what is learned in an American high school and

I encouraged Ralph to talk his way into the college because high school would bore him. After all, he was a returned veteran by then and Hunter College, a fine City College for girls, was now going co-ed. The school wanted to attract men, especially veterans, and so by a fortunate turn of events coming together, he was admitted on probation with the GI Bill as a source of support. He did very well.

Going back to how mother and I started out in the Washington Heights apartment while Ralph was still in the army, our story was probably not that unusual for immigrants. We had a one-bedroom apartment with mother using the living room as a bedroom and, later, Ralph and I using the bedroom. There was no air-conditioning and few houses had screens but there was a washing machine in the basement. Even a milk machine (25 cents a quart) was available in the building. It was handy if one had forgotten to buy some. Instead of a dryer, a clothing line attached to an apartment house on 190th Street, across the alley, was shared and the women got together on who was going to hang what for how long. There were plenty of cockroaches, like in most New York apartments, but we learned to cope. The area was actually very interesting. Henry Kissinger, the former Secretary of State, lived on the next block but I never knew him. The neighborhood was mostly German-Jewish with a sprinkling of Irish. Hispanics had not yet moved this far north into Manhattan. The subway was only two blocks away which made the location very convenient. Supermarkets were only just starting to have an impact so Mr. Nussbaum, on the corner, was still in the grocery business.

Mother first had a job in a factory, sewing, but then was able to get a job for a Park Avenue plastic surgeon for whom she acted as a secretary and nurse although she really was not trained in either area. No doubt, her way with people kept her on this job. In the mornings, on her way to work, mother might leave off an order of groceries for Mr. or Mrs Nussbaum who filled this order during the day and either she or I would pick it up that night. On week-ends we sometimes walked over to Fort Tryon Park or, once in a while, even across the George Washington Bridge to Teaneck, New Jersey, which was a wilderness then. Thus, our daily routines were not always as frantic as might be supposed. When Ralph came back from the army all of us were actually quite happy in that little apartment. We lived there until 1950 when mother remarried and we all moved to Forest Hills, on Long Island in New York City.

A few weeks after we arrived mother and our uncle thought I should go to the Hebrew Immigrant Aid Society (HIAS) or the National Refugee Service (NRS) to see if there was any help or advice they could offer me, vocationally, educationally, or socially. Tangible help that refugees get these days, like the Russian-Jewish refugees who are accommodated in apartments by agencies using federal funds, was simply not available in our time. I did go to the NRS and had a talk with the social worker which I thought was quite unproductive. She just told me to go ahead and enroll in night-classes and get a job. For my social needs she referred me to the YMHA, the Jewish counterpart of the YMCA. I actually did go to their center located next to the George Washington Bridge but no one really introduced me to anyone and the center seemed so big and impersonal to me that I never went back.

Also, shortly after we arrived we had an interesting experience in trying to get back about \$200 which my father, on one business trip to Switzerland, had given to a man, who was to send it to his brother in Brooklyn to give to us when we would eventually arrive in America. I suppose our father was willing to do that because it did not have to go through a bank using his name. I don't think father ever trusted the Swiss banks, and he was obviously right about that as subsequent events about their dealings with holocaust victims have now demonstrated. We contacted the brother but he denied ever receiving the money. As the brother was a Hebrew teacher in an orthodox congregation in Brooklyn, we took him to the "Beth Hadin", a "court" in which three rabbis decide disputes among Jews willing to follow this court's judgment. This system still existed in New York and had been a way Jews solved legal problems with each other in Russia or other countries where they wanted to remain inconspicuous or thought they could not obtain justice from biased judges in the regular courts. The man agreed to the trial. The rabbis, with evidence from letters my mother still had, found in our favor, and we received our money.

Becoming Adjusted to America

After just a few weeks in this country I began my job search. We received much advice from a number of people including my uncle and aunt, and people they knew. After all, anyone who had been in this country a few years was an expert compared to us! I came away with the following general principles to guide my search. These principles were obviously designed for the recent immigrant:

1. Accept the first job you are offered, but keep looking anyway. Still see if you can find a better one. You can always cancel out on the first.
2. Always be enthusiastic. If the employer says that sweeping the floors will be your primary duty, have him believe that you have always wanted to do this.
3. When you have a job come about 5-10 minutes early and never be the first to leave. Never leave in the middle of a task.
4. Bring your lunch. It is too expensive to buy.
5. Don't talk back to your employer until you know what you can get away with and whether it will do any good.
6. Don't believe anything your employer tells you, like promises of advancement. Look for evidence that he means it.
7. If you don't use your head, you will have to use your feet--and it is a lot easier to use your head. This is particularly good advice in the restaurant business, that you should remember what you need to bring out of the kitchen so you

don't have to keep going back. However, the analogy fits to other situations too.

8. Above all, in America you have to know something and have a willingness to work hard. Then, you will find opportunities and you can make it. The skill can be something you can do with your hands, like a good trade or being a good craftsman; or it can be knowledge in your head which may, however, take some more education. A Hitler can take away your money but he can't take away what you have in your head or can do with your hands.

I generally believed in this philosophy and still do to some extent except that I am a little more flexible now about bringing lunch. It was a good credo at the time and, not having any other frame of reference, I immediately sought to apply it.

Everyone was agreed that there was no point looking for a job as a salesman. As most of the men I had known so far had been in the business world that had been my first idea. It was clear that a boy of sixteen could not command much authority. So, with no education for a profession as yet, I would have to acquire a manual skill. Here, we figured my best chance to learn one would be in an industry in which Jews predominated because they might be more favorably inclined to give a young immigrant boy of sixteen a chance. In New York that included the garment industry, the fur industry, the diamond industry, and the entertainment industry. The latter was eliminated pretty quickly because I had never tested myself in acting or singing and anyway that industry was totally unstable. The fur and garment industries struck me as too hectic, so I was left with the diamond industry. Diamonds seemed to be the thing because, after the fall of Belgium and Holland, the seat of the industry in these countries had been totally destroyed and refugees from there had found their way here and established a thriving industry that still has a presence on West 47th Street in New York City. We heard that young people, good with their fingers, could learn to cut a diamond in about three months and then make a lot of money. With typical American ingenuity, we used Ford-like mass production techniques where, if cutting a diamond required perhaps eight operations, like making the four facets, the eight facets, or the sixteen, one only had to learn one of these operations to get a quick start. Later, one could always learn more, providing some insurance for lay-offs if there was a glut of workers for one operation. Of course, with this method one would never reach the level of the master-craftsman who could cut the whole stone and who had a delicate feel for it. Incidentally, in this industry much of the conversation was in Yiddish so, had I not known any English, I would have had two new languages to learn.

At the time, the industry had expanded well beyond 47th Street, so I picked a 12-floor building, 1650 Broadway at 51st Street, where I would go from factory to factory working my way down from the twelfth to the ground floor. In the course of only two days, I was offered two jobs as an apprentice. I accepted both immediately but then canceled out on the one which intuitively struck me as less attractive. My employer was a nice man, Kallman Gittman was his name, and he seemed to have no trouble trusting me with the expensive stones. He still, however, asked for \$250

security which would be returned to me if I completed the three months. Uncle Carl agreed to come up with the money and we took the chance that Mr. Gittman was honest, which he was.

Cutting diamonds was quite an experience. I was paid only \$15 a week for three months while learning, but I did learn and, true to Mr. Gittman's word, I was then put on piecework. Still, I rarely cut a stone which weighed more than 80 points (less than a carat). For someone relatively new, cutting a bigger stone would have been risky. The reason was that the diamond-cutter has to place the diamond in the tool that applies it to the cutting wheel so that the alignment with the grain of the stone is a good one. I still could not do this with confidence. It sometimes happened to me that the alignment was good, but then the stone could be ground down very quickly and I would lose much of it. If, on the other hand, the diamond was not well placed it would just get red-hot, expand, and pop out of the tool. So cutting diamonds was not so easy! I had to spend many an hour looking for diamonds that had fallen out of my tool. The search had to be on hands and knees, on the floor, and sifting the dust. Still, after only three months I made as much as \$65 in some weeks, a lot of money for a sixteen year old. When I started college I had about eight diamonds in a purse pinned to the inside of my trouser pocket, and I had these stones on me as I went to my evening classes. No one could know that I was carrying such valuable merchandise. However, having the stones available enabled me to start early in the morning before Mr. Gittman came in to distribute new stones. After all, this was piece work in busy New York where, at least in the diamond industry, one was paid for the number of items produced, not for how much time it took.

As for the work environment, it was quite non-descript. The mostly middle-aged workers were quite nice and occasionally helped me but there was one eighteen year-old girl with very nimble fingers who seemed to get pleasure out of teasing me, sometimes cruelly, although she could be nice too. The teasing was often about the pimples on my face. These were a function of my age, the diamond dust, and the hot weather in the summer without air-conditioning. She said I needed a girl. I never was able to discover what she meant by that. One of the more interesting aspects of where I worked was probably the location, only about ten blocks from Times Square and across the street from the old Capitol Theater on 51st Street and Broadway. This theater was one of a number of movie houses, of which only the Radio City Music Hall still remains, where the movie was followed by a show, usually one of the "big bands". Once Frank Sinatra was performing in the theatre and from my twelfth-floor vantage point I could see the crowd of screaming bobby soxers greet him. It made me think that American girls had lost their senses. I did not realize yet that in life there have to be distractions and sometimes it is fine to indulge them, provided they are not harmful. For me, life had always been serious, though interesting. I never had to create distractions for myself! They just came naturally.

All these efforts to get settled with a job, and then the beginning of college, which I will detail a little later, left me with little time to develop any social life or a circle of friends. In the first place, I was getting used to having a home again after six years, and that felt good. It would never have occurred to me to go to college out-of-town even if we could have afforded it. Also, mother was laid up with a back problem for several months. It caused her to lose her factory job, itself no great loss. But at that point my brother's allotment from the army and my wages were what kept us

going. Medical care, incidentally, consisted of visits to the low-cost clinics of the Columbia Presbyterian Medical Center on 168th Street. I gave my check to mother every week and she kept asking me to take at least \$5. She said that I might want to go out on a date and \$5 would have been enough for a bus or subway ride, a movie for two, and a soda at one of these real American drug-store counters where you could get a milk shake, something I had not known even existed. However, I really did not have anyone to take out! And, anyway, from my experiences with girls in school in England I seemed to be more comfortable with them when I saw them day-to-day rather than in the context of the sometimes frantic pace of New York. I did make friends with a boy in college and he asked me to take out his sister. He would pay for it. I told him I would be happy to take out his sister and he did not have to pay for it. So this struck up some kind of friendship after which she invited me to some parties. My social life did not really pick up until my friends started to arrive from England and, later, when I started to go to the Catskills to work in the summers.

I actually had maintained contact with two former school-friends from Germany who could immigrate to New York in 1938 or 1939. They were my age. However, when I saw one, he seemed to be so different from the way I knew him, I could not connect. He was a very intelligent boy and seemed to be on Cloud 9 most of the time. The other boy lived in the Bronx and he came one day to look me up. I remember opening the door and seeing him leaning against the doorpost, shirt-tails hanging out, and chewing gum. He suggested I join his group of boys when they amused themselves. Their favorite activity was to take the Amsterdam Avenue street-car which went all the way to Times Square but took over an hour. On the street-car they would try to "pick up girls" who he said were there to be picked up; they had the same idea. Then they might all go to a Times Square movie that also had a show, like the Capitol Theater or the Paramount. However, I was not ready for such daring adventures. My English sense of reserve and this casual way of relating to people was apparently too threatening for me. So I did not follow up on this either.

Next in the order of my adjustment to the United States was the matter of continuing my education. I had no idea what I wished to study and no academic interest in particular. However, I knew that the first courses in college were basic courses like English and Math and so I would be told what to choose from a limited selection of requirements and introductory courses. First, however, I had to go to a state office because in New York I was still considered a minor. There were rules about continuing education if one had not graduated high school and more rules about working hours, all of them poorly enforced. In any case, I was able to show that I was a high school graduate and then received what were then called "working papers". These I was supposed to show an employer, so that my full-time employment as a minor was legal.

These tasks completed, I proceeded to look for a college. I also had to establish that my English credentials would satisfy admission requirements. Meanwhile, I had even heard from Peter Gaupp who was now in Texas that a university there was offering him some college credit so I felt that I had a good chance of at least being accepted without first going to an American high school. The only real choice for me was CCNY, the City College of New York. CCNY had for years been the route that recent immigrants took for an excellent and, also, free education. Thus, I went for an interview where I was told to send my credentials, mainly the results of my University of Cambridge

examination, to be evaluated by the Institute of International Education which I think still exists. I was also asked questions like "how many years" I had had of French, Math, English and so forth. These questions were difficult for me to answer because, in effect, my education until then had consisted of school from age seven to age sixteen, a total of only nine years which were spent in about four schools in Germany and three in England. The idea of credit for anything was utterly alien to me because in England only exams were evidence of what one knew and years of this or that depended on the intensity of the course. My academic advisors at City College were sensitive to my problem but I did have some difficulty in switching to a new way of thinking.

The requirements for admission to CCNY in the 1940's varied among four categories. First, were the bright boys with excellent averages who were admitted to the day-program without having to pay tuition. For immigrants like me, the way in was different but it was not difficult to satisfy. Very briefly, I would be entering the evening session as a non-matriculated student paying full tuition until I had had the first semester of American History. Passing that, I would next take the second semester (after the Civil War) and I would then be a "special " student paying only half the tuition. Tuition was very inexpensive and so half the tuition was no great burden. One gained "matriculation", which meant totally tuition-free status, after one had completed either 16 consecutive credits with a "B", 30 with a "B" average, or 60 with a "C" average. This would also admit the student to the day program. Actually, for me, the day program would have been out of the question in any case but, as the veterans returned and colleges became overcrowded, many colleges soon offered late afternoon classes as well. All this was a striking example of all that is good in public higher education where immigrants, returning veterans, and women as more schools became coed, were given every opportunity to avail themselves of an inexpensive but still excellent education. The high proportion of graduates from CCNY who won Nobel prizes and the great numbers who went on to graduate programs all over the country are a testimony to the history of this college. While City College was also a hot-bed of leftist agitation which probably put off some employers, in academic universities like the University of Chicago the "bright City College boys" established a definite academic reputation. The one down-side was that later, during the McCarthy hearings in Congress on subversive Communist activities, I was sometimes very worried that I would be questioned at my naturalization hearing set for 1950. Consequently, I avoided joining any political club, especially a leftist one, where someone might take a photograph. The pall of McCarthyism was definitely an influence in this environment and, unfortunately, one had to avoid any possibility of an association that could be misinterpreted.

And so I began college, eventually taking nine credits per semester, and knowing that it would take about seven to eight years to graduate. I began taking the basic required courses but also tested myself out for a possible major. For a business major that meant a year of Accounting and I soon took that. My grades in accounting were not good, so that eliminated business although at that time, with less technical knowledge needed in business enterprises, I was never really convinced how a course could be better than doing it. I will return to the educational choices I made a little later, and so as not to get too far ahead of myself I will go on describing what was now happening at work.

The diamond-cutting job I had lasted about a year. It was a good job that helped me establish myself but I was affected immediately when the industry slumped as soon as the war was over and Antwerp and Amsterdam in Belgium and Holland resumed their leadership roles. Even Tel Aviv in Israel was now starting to compete. I joined the union and was probably the youngest union member. I also went to a number of union (AF of L) meetings in an effort to save my job. In the end, I was still laid off.

So I proceeded to the next game plan. I took on the fur industry with the hope of mastering sewing and then advancing to cutting. The fur cutter is the person who actually designs the fur coat, putting different furs together to make a beautiful pattern. At that time, wearing fur coats did not have negative ecological implications for most people as is now the case. In those days people simply bought fur coats and jackets to keep warm--or in some cases to show off with an expensive Mink or Persian Broadtail coat. Killing an animal for its fur was not much different than killing it for its meat. My mother would only let me work with Persian furs as mink hairs were too fine. These hairs were known to pollute the atmosphere and produce the equivalent of black-lung disease when they entered the lungs. At the time there was no governmental agency that was really serious about regulating and overseeing working conditions in the fur industry. It turned out that I did not like sewing on one of those special machines they used. The atmosphere in the factory where I was able to get a job also was somewhat depressing. However I gave it a chance although I soon switched to retail, thinking retail would be more interesting because one might actually meet a customer. The atmosphere in retail was also more stimulating and less gloomy. For example, I learned about hands-on business ethics, as seen by the furrier. This mainly amounted to what you told your customer and what you didn't, whether what you told the customer was true or a little "white" lie, perhaps even a falsehood. Nevertheless, I was still fired from my first retail job in a store because the employer complained that I was more interested in the customers than in the furs he was selling. This was perfectly true and his discovery began to register in my mind. Perhaps this showed that I was people-oriented, not "thing"-oriented?

There was still one more fur-business job in a fancy store, upstairs on fashionable 57th Street. The show-room was beautifully laid out. This job provided an unanticipated fringe benefit because it was next to a modeling agency where I could observe slim young girls in bathing suits or fine clothes ascend some soap-boxes and walk daintily on a plank. It was an interesting diversion for me. The furrier I worked for was very shrewd. He told me that human beings were not really built in perfect symmetry and that this could make a difference in how the folds of a coat would fall. One hip would often be slightly higher than the other and only the furrier would know this. The primary rule was never to tell this to the woman because she might take it amiss and, anyway, a tuck here and a tuck there would fix the problem. Also, when the customer expressed her wishes about the kind of coat she wanted, the furrier who had a very small inventory but pretended to have a large one, sent me to a wholesaler next door. Using a rear-staircase, I returned with about six coats on consignment while the furrier and the lady were still talking. He also had me go to the Municipal Library, near City Hall downtown, where I had to go through the Board of Education roster of women principals and assistant principals. This was to produce a mailing list of independent women who might be in the market for fur coats. This was certainly not the kind of learning I was receiving at City College

and it gave me some pause.

After all these jobs which were generally quite low-paying, I thought I might as well work at what was most interesting for me. Somehow, trying to further my vocational and academic skills all at the same time was not working out as I had hoped. First, however, I briefly worked for a costume jeweler. The company was Jewish-owned but they did a great deal of business with Catholic religious stores. Despite promises of quick promotions, I was never really more than an errand-boy delivering rosaries and crucifixes. I did this as much as possible by subway even though I had permission for a taxi if I had a big package. Applying now a few tricks myself, I charged the boss for taxis when I really took the subway. It all wasn't really worth it and soon I was fired again, not for the taxi deception, but because the boss was going to Florida. They were closing that day and I would be paid for the hour I worked. Incensed by this, I said I would stay the whole day and expect to be paid for it. I just sat down. I won my point and then went home. It seems I was now learning to be more assertive.

The next job was in "show" business after all, but the employer was a dreamer. He wanted to accumulate, on records, a large library of historic speeches or events. Meanwhile, he was trying to stay afloat by using his income from doing recordings for big stars like Eileen Barton whose big hit was "If I knew you were coming I'd have baked a cake". Some less well-known musical groups also came in hoping to make it. He already had some very interesting recordings, mostly of political leaders giving a speech about one world crisis or another. For example, there were speeches by Winston Churchill, Mussolini, and Hitler. He even started to record the sessions at the UN when it was still in a building at Lake Success on Long Island. However, he soon stopped recording the UN because their procedural wrangling was most uninteresting. The record library, the recording studio, and the offices were in a large suite, high up on 1619 Broadway, near Times Square. The building is still a major address of song publishers. It was an exciting environment for a while. I had a little booth where my task was to record Art Linkletter, the host of an afternoon radio show where young children were interviewed and came out with some adorable stories about their lives and those of their parents. Usually Linkletter would be in a factory, like General Motors in Detroit, and it was not difficult to trace the address of the child's father or mother. The secretary would then write to the parent after I had measured the time of the interview. We would then offer a small recording of the child for a fee. Many people bought the little records we produced, but it obviously was not enough to provide a future for either the founder of the enterprise or his employees. Indeed, one of the employees, a young man with whom I was friendly took me into his confidence and told me that he was going into business for himself. I do not recall what he was trying to do. In any case, he had some cards printed using the telephone number of a pay-phone in the hall. He asked me to answer this phone with the name of his "firm" and say "just one minute please, I'll connect you". This probably typified the kind of strange, unreal environment I was in where everyone seemed to have some kind of dream or some "deal". After about four or six months I decided that show business was not for me.

At about that point, perhaps three years after I had begun college in the evenings, I felt I needed to stop and think of where I was going and what I was accomplishing. My work history so

far was anything but spectacular and I was making very little money, close to the minimum wage of about \$25 a week. My progress in college was better and I was getting used to the American way of doing things but it seemed with no more than nine credits per semester it would take forever to graduate. Added to this was the experience I was having in the Catskills working as a bus-boy and waiter where I made a great deal of money just between July 4th and Labor Day , about \$400 in the first hotel, Hotel Majestic, and close to \$650 in Hotel Mathes during the following season. After my second summer in the Catskills, I was facing registration once again for a new term. I decided at that point that this was the time to pursue college a little more intensively and to make it my first priority. Some quick action was needed. I called up mother who, by then, was working for the Park Avenue plastic surgeon and asked if we could meet for lunch to discuss what was going around in my head. I remember well how the two of us sat on a bench in Central Park as I suggested that I now start going to school closer to full-time, the school having just opened up its schedule to offer late afternoon classes. I could now show that my summer earnings would permit me to work part-time, making it possible for me to put most of my energy into my college work rather than into the less than satisfactory jobs that I was finding. Mother saw the sense of all this and said she would support my decision. My total income from this switch would not really be any less than I was earning at hum-drum full-time jobs. My brother with his GI Bill and part-time work, I with my part -time and summer work, and mother in her job would still be making enough money to support ourselves.

While on the subject of the plastic surgeon. His name was Dr. Apton, formerly Dr. Abraham in Germany. Once, visiting mother in his office, he took one look at me and said he would like to operate on my nose. He would take the Jewish curve out of it and he would do it for free. My Blue Cross would take care of my one night at Lennox Hill Hospital. I don't know if this was a professional or personal interest or a way, his way, of assimilating the Jewish population! He was invested in his work, I could see, because mother brought home pages from a book he was writing, "Your Mind and Appearance". She had to type some of it and Ralph and I corrected the English. I declined the doctor's offer to fix my nose. I thought changing it would not be "me". But I did ask him to straighten a slight congenital deformity on my outer left ear. He botched the job, however, and it came out worse and required a number of additional visits. Fortunately it was not too noticeable early in my life and it is not now.

Young Adulthood in New York City

And so the course of my life seemed to change. Socially, I was also becoming more connected now, in part because of the Catskill jobs in the summers where I met many more young people. My old Stootley Rough friends from England who were now here were also making new friends and so our social circle grew. Then, around that time I met Peter Geiger again. Peter had been in my brother's class in Frankfurt and had been able to come to the United States before the war, settling in Kentucky until he and his parents moved to New York. Ralph met him on the subway one day and recognized him after all these years. His stop was Kew Gardens, one further than Forest Hills where we were then living. Peter was still a bachelor, like me. He liked horses and we went to a ranch or two which was a new experience for me. A major decision on such a ranch was whether you rode English or Western. Peter worked for the Bank of America selling bad movies that they had

financed and repossessed. He sold them to TV stations which played them in the middle of the night. Peter did so well that they promoted him and sent him to Los Angeles where he went on to finance the likes of Walt Disney.

I should add that the hotels in which I worked for about six seasons while going through college were interesting places. The Hotel Majestic had mostly Viennese and Hungarian-Jewish guests while the cooks were Croatian, from Zagreb. Hotel Mathes, where I worked next, had mostly German-Jewish guests from Leipzig and Dresden. The Breezy Hill Hotel where Ralph worked a few seasons was also German-Jewish, the guests coming mainly from Frankfurt and the smaller towns in that area. This kind of voluntary segregation was very common in New York, even within ethnic groups. Obo and Martin worked in the Breezy Hill too, and Wolf Elston was with me at the Majestic one year. We all had to be able to speak German so that the guests could speak whatever language they preferred, usually German. Above all we had to know the tastes of each guest so that we did not have to ask who drank coffee or tea or how many minutes and seconds someone wanted their eggs cooked. Being still quite German in their ways, most guests had quite definite habits, from the food they ate to what time they would get up in the morning. That there was no real choice of courses did not trouble most people because the hotel-owner and his wife knew what most people liked. If someone wanted fish, or something not fried, that could be arranged and people had their bottle of wine at the table just like in the old country. These hotels were thriving enterprises until people started to vacation again in Europe and gradually felt ready to see more of the United States and branch out rather than huddle with each other. As for our working conditions, we cheerfully lied to the Department of Labor inspectors that we had a day off when we never did have one off, and that our accommodations were fine when we were really crammed like sardines into hot lofts. We really had only about one to two hours off between breakfast and lunch, about two hours in the afternoon, and evenings after about 8:30 unless one was a bar waiter which I was one year. We could be honest about the food. It was excellent, even the left-overs.

There is also a little more to say about my vocational life which now had a secondary role to my academic life. For a year I worked part-time as a "page" in the New York Public Library on 42nd Street. I worked in the Economics Section and my job was to bring books to the patrons. I skimmed them first, however. I had learned my way around quickly and this seemed to compensate for the small extra delay. We had to care for the Henry George collection which had been deeded to the library. Henry George was an economist who advocated a tax on land as the only tax Americans should pay and he had a number of followers until his idea foundered. This job was a lot of fun and I worked perhaps 20 hours a week.

Sometimes, when the term would end in May and I would not begin my Catskills job until July 4th I could not afford to be idle. So for these four weeks I usually found a job in the garment district where I again used my technique of working my way down from the upper floors of a big factory or office building, telling the prospective employer I had always wanted to work with belts, buttons, shoulder pads or whatever they were producing. One year I had a four-week job with a button wholesaler which had many amusing aspects. I was like a crisis manager, as when a manufacturer would call that he had a number of dresses to deliver and was all out of buttons. I

would then have to go to his loft and display suggested buttons whereupon he would haggle with my boss about price and about getting enough of them. Then I would hand-deliver them.

To accommodate my fuller college schedule I next tried selling house-to-house. This was a popular activity in the late 1940's before people were too afraid to open their doors. People who were charming and who could be quite glib could do quite well. Door-to-door salesmen sold everything from vacuum cleaners, encyclopedias and magazines, to pots and pans and jewelry. I had heard that some made a lot of money, but I think now that some of that was just boasting. Not all these "businesses" were honest, however. Generally a group of six or so men and women would meet in one of these Seinfeld-like New York cafeterias (the principals of the popular comedy series, Seinfeld, always met in one of those cafeterias), apportion a part of the neighborhood to each person, and plan strategy. First, I tried selling magazines. I was to say that the proceeds were to go to Veterans organizations. That was mainly to arouse sympathy. I could see pretty quickly that all this was a scam and I quit almost as soon as I started. Next was a week or so with Electrolux, the vacuum cleaner company that is still in business. If I had made a sale, the commission would have been high but I did not sell even one. I was not convinced the prospective customer couldn't get a better deal in a department store. Then I sold Eckoware, a line of shiny pots and pans. For this we went to the Puerto-Rican areas of the City, for example East Harlem, especially when the Welfare checks were due to arrive. For the set, costing about \$70, only a \$5 deposit would suffice and from then on \$3 or \$5 would be collected each week or month by a bill collector. Going into these poor homes and their dingy and crowded kitchens with bare bulbs dangling from a cord, I could see that these women wanted something bright and shiny in their lives. But here too I felt that they could get a better deal in the hardware store and I did not want to be responsible for their spending all that money on pots and pans with no money left for food to put in them. So I pushed the pressure-cooker which was really supposed to be the item that would be the selling point of the whole set. I sold it separately because I thought that it was the best item and a good buy. It was a great new invention that saved on utility use and preparation time. This job did not last long either because I could not make enough money on just the pressure cooker. There was one other job in a restaurant that I took next, before finally finding a house-to-house selling job that I had a year or two. The restaurant was on Fifth Ave and one of the Longchamps chain, now swallowed up by some other chain no doubt. It was a waiter's job for the lunch hour, "just a few hours work" it was promised. However it turned out that one had to be there at about 10 AM to set up and stay until 3 PM to collect the tips, making for a longer day than I could handle. My biggest problem on this job was, however, the rush and bustle of the place, with other waiters taking away my orders if I wasn't watching. It was New York all over -- dog eats dog. Also what upset me was that they offered too many pies that I did not know even existed, like lemon, apple, cherry, lemon merengue, and so on. When a customer wanted a pie I could not recognize and my colleagues did not want to bother to tell me, I just said we had run out. This evasion worked until one customer noticed that the pie he had wanted was being delivered to another table. So this job ended as well.

The selling job that I had almost two years was straight-forward and suited me well. I was on my own to decide my territory and I chose the area around City College so that I would not spend much time traveling and could store my books and sales articles in my locker. I sold peep-holes that

were installed in front doors of apartments. Few New York apartments those days had peep-holes and they were now more and more in demand. Those that I sold were especially useful because one could look out from inside without being observed. This way a caller would not know anyone was home and would hopefully go away if he was not wanted. It was a simple device that fit into my pocket and that I displayed as soon as someone opened a door so as to be honest and straightforward. It seemed this was appreciated. Thus, if my product was not wanted I did not waste time and continued my selling efforts in the next apartment. When the prospective customer showed interest, I asked to be admitted, the first rule in house-to-house selling. My explanations were simple and, when my customer was Puerto Rican and not fluent in English, I had learned a few words, numbers, and dates in Spanish so that I could conduct a simple, focused conversation with my peep-hole as a prop. The device cost \$5.95, the deposit would be \$2.00, and the balance would be due when the installer came at an appointed time to put it in. My commission was \$1.75 for each one I sold. It turned out that I could usually sell about fifteen to thirty every week, giving me a small but reasonable income for part-time work at flexible hours. What I learned from this job was that, despite many examples I had seen to the contrary, one could be honest and sincere when selling. This was a product I really believed in and I felt that the additional security it afforded would be helpful to the customer. In salesmens' talk, it was not always a matter of selling what you don't have in inventory (and then can order with less risk), to someone who does not want or need it, at a price he can't afford. I also learned to feel comfortable with people from many cultural backgrounds although my customers were mostly Blacks from the South or from Jamaica, and Hispanics who mostly came from Puerto Rico.

During my last year of college, I was debating the idea of studying law and becoming a lawyer even though the prospect of more night classes in law school put me off. Still, I thought I might as well try to work for a lawyer to check it out. I did find quite an interesting job with a Fifth Avenue law firm where one partner was heavily into immigration law, another was in real estate, another was representing children or others with trust funds, and still another had a contract with Dun and Bradstreet, a credit establishments with an office for collecting bad debts. I worked for all of them and had a taste of all these fields except criminal law. My main job was, however, being a process-server. A process-server is a person who delivers summonses for someone to appear in court and the summons is a piece of paper prepared by the lawyer that can not be sent in the mail but has to be given personally to the person summoned. If the person does not accept it, it is only necessary to touch him with the paper, drop it on the floor and leave. However, that never happened to me. Usually a summons is served by a firm specializing in this and the servers often have guns. In my case, if a summons looked like it would be difficult to serve I did not have to do it. Thus, I was never placed in any real danger.

Sometimes I also served "dispossess" notices to tenants of apartment houses who did not pay their rent. Many of the houses the lawyer represented were in Harlem and the prospect of going there made me uneasy at times. Still, the lawyer coached me well and said he was not really interested in evicting people or hauling them into court. He only wanted the rent money and for this he had to start early in what could be a lengthy legal process. I asked if I could tell the people I contacted what their rights were and the lawyer was quite agreeable. He told me what the tenants' rights were and what

I could do to respect them. Thus, I was really implementing , quite unknown to me, later court decision that people should know their rights in legal proceedings. At first, it was suggested that I just leave the notice on or under the door but I did not want to do so because I felt it would annoy people and might even put me in danger. Thus, whenever I could, I knocked on the door, explained who I was, and asked to be admitted so that I could explain not only what the document was that I was bringing but what the person could do about it. A tenant in New York had many options before he could be dispossessed. In essence I explained that with a legal document, the worst one can do is to ignore it. For a 50-cent fee one could simply go to the court--and I provided the address and directions-- and get a delay of a month. That was often enough time to recover a lost or stolen welfare check.

Sometimes I served summonses to small delicatessen counters on the ground floors of garment district buildings. When I showed the owner the summons, we often agreed that I would get a post-dated check. That would settle it for that month at least and I would often get a good corned-beef sandwich and a pickle to close the deal. I even served a summons to Mr. Schubert, the owner of a number of Broadway Theaters and a producer. Mr. Shubert had sent some flowers to one of his actresses and had forgotten to pay for them. A secretary took care of that problem. I was amazed that people would actually offer me coffee, sandwiches and cookies for my trouble and that they would be nice to me even as the bearer of bad news. I had to conclude that, often, it is not what you do but how you do it.

I also went to different courts and waited for the calendar to be called and shouted "present" when the case was called even though the lawyer was not present. This was a time-saver as I would then go to a pay-phone to call the young lawyer who handled these cases. He would then be at the court house in New York or Brooklyn in less than 20 minutes, taking the subway. Other tasks were to go to different court clerks to file papers to obtain access to trust accounts, or I frequently had to go to the office in which the officers of corporations were listed so that we would know who to sue. When I had enough time I even attended some famous trials in the Federal Court at Foley Square. One had to do with the conspiracy of a group of scientists to provide atomic secrets to Russia. The Rosenbergs had already been tried and convicted and the trial I attended a few times was that of a man named Greenglass. The judge was Judge Kaufman, a famous federal judge.

This was one of my more interesting jobs, probably also reflecting that I was now about 22 years old, old enough to be entrusted with more responsibility. I also was able to work full-time in my last semester because I had only six credits remaining for graduation. Although this job gave me a good view of the work of a law firm, I still was not fully convinced that this was what I really wanted to do with my life.

Having now discussed my work life while in college, I would like to return to where I left off earlier when, about three or four years into my college career, I had decided that graduating from college was going to be my priority. Actually, the way my college life evolved was not that unusual except that I had almost no social life that revolved around college. I, like most of the other students in the evening and afternoon program, mostly came to school to take my courses, read the required

texts in the library, and then go home to do more studying or work on a job. Sometimes classes ended as late as 10:50 p.m. which made for a long day. I was often accompanied on the trolley by rabbinical students from Yeshiva University which was located near me on Amsterdam Avenue. These students were receiving their secular education in the evening session at City College and so were really attending two colleges at once. For me, classes four evenings a week also meant eating in the school cafeteria about four nights a week. I was usually able to schedule only four days and evenings of classes, some beginning at about 3:30 p.m., and this made the week a little easier. On Fridays, if I worked a few hours on one of my jobs I could still do my homework, write papers, or prepare for exams.

Deciding on a major was a big decision I had to make and I did this by testing myself out with different courses. I wanted to keep all options open. I also was aware that, towards the end of my college years the Korean War was gathering momentum and so long as I was making progress, the draft board would defer me. If I was going to go into the army, I was hoping I would at least have finished college.

CCNY had a good business school but I ruled that possible major out as I did poorly in Accounting. I was required to have two years of science, one year of either Biology and Botany, Geology, Chemistry, or Physics. I tried Biology but found the competition fierce from students who had a much better background than I had in England and who were intending to go to medical school. The best I could do in the two courses was a "B" and a "C". I had learned a great deal but, without just about an "A" average, I was told to not even think about going to medical school. During those years there still was discrimination against Jews and there were quotas in medical schools where the records of Jewish applicants had to be particularly outstanding and only a few would be accepted. When I was graduating, many Jewish young men who could not gain admission to medical schools in this country went to Switzerland and other foreign countries. This was also an important reason why Yeshiva University, originally established to train rabbis, opened a medical school in the 1950's. I next considered the field of education and took a survey course. The Department of Education faculty, however, told me that I would never be able to pass the oral exam for a New York City teaching license. My English accent perhaps with its traces of German, they thought, could not be overcome even with remedial speech courses one of which I was actually required to take. It seemed my strong points were English literature, where much of the work was in the analysis of characters in plays or books, history which chronicled social movements, philosophy, sociology, and psychology, particularly social psychology. One of my professors, was Kenneth Clark, who eventually testified in the 1954 Brown vs. Board of Education segregation case. This case which was, basically, concerned with "separate but equal" facilities for Blacks, decreed that separating white people from Blacks was not treating them as equals. In summary, my interests as shown in my performance, seemed to be people-oriented and in areas where one could use some creativity without being overly locked into scientific classifications. This then left me with sociology and psychology and I ended up majoring in Sociology with a minor in Psychology. After an internship with an excellent supervisor in a local community center for children and adolescents I thought social work would be a good integration of my academic and more practical interests. After about seven years at CCNY, I graduated in January 1951. Still not attuned to the American way of

marking the completion of life stages with ritual and celebrations, I just picked up my degree from the registrar and I think that our family may have had dinner out.

Always a consideration in the last years of college was how to pay for graduate school or law school and what the draft board would do when I graduated. I had saved enough money to pay for a semester of graduate school but that was about all. At the same time, the draft board had deferred me for the whole academic year, until June 1951, ignoring that my date of graduation was earlier. Thus, I resolved that I better be in graduate school by February 1951 to keep qualifying for my deferment. So then the question became what graduate school and in what field. I became aware that agencies and foundations were providing graduate school stipends in social work and consequently I followed this up. The next question was whether there were any schools in the country that would admit new students in January or February. Many schools were doing that to accommodate the flood of veterans. I found two graduate schools, Wayne State in Detroit and Tulane University in New Orleans. New Orleans had an accelerated program which, with one summer, would allow me to graduate with the two-years Masters degree by August 1952. It was worth the chance that I could obtain another year's deferment from the draft because I had also heard that the army really could use social workers. I applied to Tulane and was quickly accepted, but without financial aid. I would have to apply for that in my first semester. And so, with the decision to go to Tulane, another phase of my life, my professional education, would begin. I would now be in a strange city in the South, and in a university still practicing segregation.

Changes at Home

Before discussing graduate school, I should make note of some changes in our family life. Until about 1950 Ralph, mother, and I were really quite happy in our little apartment in Washington Heights. Ralph and I were each pursuing a college degree, mother was working, and we all were developing some friends. We regularly visited our uncle and aunt on Friday nights. We usually had a good Sabbath dinner there and this was followed by our uncle driving us, or supervising one of us as we drove home to 189th Street. I eagerly went on this nineteen block drive because I really wanted to learn to drive and this was good practice. Uncle Carl had a lot of patience and only raised his voice a few times when the old 1940 Plymouth shift-car bucked like a horse because we had trouble with the clutch. Not long after we came to America I got my license and I was sometimes allowed to borrow the car even on the mean streets of New York. Once in a while we also went on trips up the Hudson River.

Then, around 1950, mother was introduced to a man through mutual friends. His name was Josef Levy. Joe and his first wife divorced shortly after coming to the United States. The marriage had been childless. Our mother had now been single ten years, sometimes saying that few men would marry a woman with two children they might have to take care of and educate. In this sense she may have been right as we were now about to graduate. Mother and Joe married not long after they met.

Joe was also German-Jewish, from Bitburg, somewhere in the Rhine Valley of Germany. He and his first wife had barely managed to escape from Germany. They were able to go to Colombia,

South America, and lived mainly in Medellin and Cali. Joe did very well in the import-export business and was able to come to America with his then wife. Here, he went into the clock business, importing all kinds of clocks, or parts of clocks, from Germany and then assembling them and selling them to department stores and other retail establishments. I sometimes helped in the business when it was time to send out statements and I once went on a business trip with Joe to Baltimore, of all places. Joe had interesting ethnic sections in his business. As he spoke Spanish fluently, better in fact than English at first, he attracted a number of South Americans into his shipping department. The watchmakers were mostly Polish-Jewish and they spoke Yiddish. And in the office, the partner and the book-keeper, once a lawyer, were German-Jewish and spoke German. In fact it was hard to find someone who spoke English. The English speakers were mostly the secretaries who had to write the letters. I had no real interest in this business, however, and no effort was made to ever place me in it.

Joe had a niece who had been living with him and his first wife in Colombia and, for a short time, in this country until the divorce. Her name was Lottie and she was about Ralph's age. Lottie had been hidden in Toulouse, France during the war and neither her parents and brother had survived. As was customary after the war, children who had lost their immediate families then had to begin a new life, usually with an uncle, aunt, or other relative willing to take the child or adolescent. Mother did openly voice some anxiety about the five of us getting along even though we now moved to a type of town-house in Forest Hills, Queens, a borough of New York City. My brother and I had the large room in the basement and there was a two-bedroom apartment upstairs. The neighborhood was nicer than crowded Washington Heights and I was especially pleased that I was nearer to where Martin and Obo lived, also in Forest Hills. As for the living situation with three young adults in the house, this soon worked out very nicely. Lottie was married about a year later, as was Ralph and they both set up their own homes with their respective spouses. Mother stopped working for the plastic surgeon but later she did say that, perhaps, that was a mistake as working part-time would have given her some outlets. I had not been living in Forest Hills longer than about a year before I left for New Orleans.

My relationship with Joe was somewhat cool. I thought he sometimes resented mother's concern about us. While mother encouraged me with my plans, Joe always seemed to try to put a damper on them. It seemed to me that he may have thought he would have to support me in graduate school despite my protestations that I could live very inexpensively and that a way to finance my education could be found.

Graduate School

And so I left for New Orleans in January 1951, almost as soon as I had graduated from City College. I remember taking the train which took about 28 hours from New York. The train gave me a glimpse of the South; the red earth of Georgia, and the poverty-stricken people living in shacks near the train tracks. I also saw many little towns with their bars and general stores on the main-street as the train passed on the many railroad crossings. At Tulane, I registered for the required first-year courses and explored my surroundings. First, however, I had to find a place to live. It was a boarding

house for about sixteen boys, two to a room. Freshmen, due to the shortage of dorm space, stayed about a semester in these places until they were accepted in a fraternity. There were plenty of fraternities and sororities and much of undergraduate life revolved around them. Breakfast and dinner was included in the rent that I paid and the food was generally acceptable. The expenses were quite reasonable which was the main reason that I chose to live there.

The boys in the boarding house, except for my original room-mate, came mostly from New Jersey. They were interested in going to medical school eventually-- and Tulane had a good one-- and they came to Tulane because New Jersey had no medical school at the time and it was generally a good idea to apply to the medical school at the university which had awarded the Bachelors Degree. While Tulane excluded Blacks, it was one of the few schools that had no quotas for Jews. I should add that there were black students at Tulane nevertheless, but they were mostly from South American countries and were foreign students with a different set of rules for admission. My room-mate came from northern Louisiana and was older than most of the freshman boys and so the landlady thought he might be a better fit. However, this proved to not be the case as he drank heavily. He did not stay in the house long and, fortunately, I was able to retain my room without having a room-mate.

The ridiculousness of all the discrimination I found in the South bothered me rather quickly. I found it easier to understand prejudicial attitudes than the lengths to which people would go to inconvenience their lives to avoid contact with a discriminated group. For example, one could stand in line with a Black person but not sit next to him on a bus or in a theatre. I had wanted to see for myself how this system really worked so I soon conducted a little experiment. I made an attempt to sit in the section marked "for Colored only" at the back of a quite empty bus. I was quickly reprimanded by the bus-driver and, also rather quickly, I gave up my attempts to reform the South.

The university was in the very nice "garden section" of New Orleans, near the Zoo and Audubon Park. Stately houses, somewhat in need of paint-jobs, graced landscaped St. Charles Avenue with old street cars running all the way into town. It provided a glimpse of what life in the old South must have been like. The university itself, including Newcomb College, a well-reputed college for women, was very small and quite friendly, certainly by New York standards. The School of Social Work only had about 150-200 students and soon I got to know all of them. Most were from neighboring states with a smattering of foreign students and some from the Middle-Atlantic States. The students and faculty were a great deal more polite and considerate than I had been used to in New York. Thus I entered quickly into the life of the graduate school. I had resolved that, even though this was graduate school, I would now get a taste of American college life, an experience I did not really have at City College.

I did not find the course work very difficult as I had good preparation in the social sciences. I had an internship at a family agency in downtown New Orleans and was fortunate to have an excellent mentor from whom I learned a great deal. I was under some pressure to do well for two major reasons. First I had to have good grades if I was to apply for another year of deferment from my draft board. Second, I also had to do well if I was to be competitive in my application for

financial aid. The semester did go well and I was successful on both counts. I ended up being draft-deferred until I had completed my degree in August 1952 and I was awarded a full tuition scholarship by the National Council of Jewish Women, a sisterhood which has traditionally tried to help Jewish refugees in this country and around the world.

In my second semester, I was able to obtain a room in the "barracks", a term for the Quonset huts used then as temporary dorms. The new arrangement offered more privacy and I had free rent because I was a "floor-counselor" charged with reporting any serious violations that would endanger people. Fortunately there were no serious problems with the residents and I only had to report some minor safety and housekeeping lapses. I had feared that I might have to call Security if there were drinking parties but, fortunately, the students in these huts were older and more mature, many being graduate students like me. About twelve hours weekly I worked in the library, and this was also worked out well as I learned the location of important books. I also had some time to study. The pocket money from that job went a considerable way towards my food bills at the cafeteria although I did have a lot of frankfurters, baked beans, hamburgers, and french-fries, as Joe had predicted. I was not spoiled in terms of food, having gone through a war, but I might have paid more attention to my nutrition.

Thus, I could support myself, with something even left over for a subscription to the New Orleans Symphony. I still had some savings left from my first semester and this and another summer of work in the Catskills was enough money to last me until graduation. Mother sometimes helped also, especially with the train fare when I went to New York on vacations. Fares tended to be expensive many years ago. I had tried flying but I could not afford that and the bus, taking forty-eight hours, was cruel and unusual punishment.

Socially, out-of-town college life was a new adventure for me. A citizen now, and no longer afraid of joining anything, I became active in the student government. I had the encouragement of a number of friends I made at Tulane, like Carl Selsky, George Fisher, and Vince Mannino who now live in Maryland also. Chris Prevetti, who came from Milwaukee, but who unfortunately died many years ago of kidney failure, was especially encouraging. During my first semester I organized some lectures by different people which proved to be quite well attended. During my second semester, I ran for President of the Student Government at the School of Social Work. I could hardly believe the election result. I had won! I had thought that, as a Jew and a Yankee, I could never get elected in this conservative university which later graduated Newt Gingrich, the firebrand Republican speaker of the House. There must, however, have been some liberal elements in the School of Social Work. As President I did the usual things expected of such campus figures, like representing the school in campus meetings. Thus, I now had an experience of "college life", something I had never really had in busy New York. Still, there were some quite silly public relation gimmicks with which we, as student representatives, had to be involved. I remember one fiasco. There was an important basketball game and I was supposed to "escort" some kind of campus queen to the front-row seats reserved for us. Naturally she was pretty and blonde, smiled in a genteel way as befitted her southern ways, and wore one of those long off-the-shoulder dresses. I thought that this might be an interesting date, but after the game she very graciously excused herself and said she had another

date. It was all just for "show" , another lesson for me to learn.

My social life now picked up a little. I did not have a car but for a short while I had a girlfriend who happened to be of German -Jewish origin, who had one and we went to different places together. She invited me to her parents home where I enjoyed the family atmosphere I had been used to. She also introduced me to her uncle who had a wonderful opera and classical music record library which made up a little for the lack of that type of music on radio stations. Later on, or may be it was before, I went out with a more americanized Jewish girl whose family were members of the Jewish country club. Jewish country club were not unusual in the South as non-Jewish, all-white country clubs did not accept Jews. In the Jewish country clubs one did what they did in all the others; one played golf, lounged around the pool, and ordered drinks and charged them. Nothing really developed from these relationships but they exposed me to life in America, not just New York. As for some of the good restaurants in New Orleans and the Dixieland bars, I went to some and, being financially strapped, I learned to nurse my beer as long as I could. I also thought that I ought to be exposed to a famous restaurant, like Antoine's. I went there with a male student as I did not think I could afford to take a girl there. I was not aware of many who would go out "Dutch" those days and, anyway, it would have been too awkward to ask.

Awaiting my Draft Notice

Graduate school was thus a broadening experience for me. I graduated in August 1952 from this accelerated program and went to New York to await my draft notice. The Korean war was still going at full blast. I had made an application for a commission for three years as a 2nd Lieutenant and I was accepted. However, there were no funds so no action was taken. I was now in the curious position that I could not be without a job but could not accept one in social work despite my new MSW degree. It would not have been ethical to begin relationships with clients when I could be called away at any point. No social agency would have given me a job either.

Thus I decided to go into the business world again for a short while. There, I felt free to lie about my draft status, the only way one could get a job. And so, misrepresenting my draft status, I applied to Gimbel Brothers for a job selling yard goods for curtains, slipcovers, and clothing. Gimbel Brothers was a big department store next to Macy's on Herald Square. They did employ me and I now used my professional training in other ways. Knowing nothing about interior decorating, I would respond to questions of what goes with what with a therapeutic "well, what do you think?", then encouraging the customer to do what she really wanted to do in the first place. Under the law, Gimbels like other businesses, was supposed to re-employ a veteran when he returned and I actually applied for their Employee Assistance program, such as it was, some years later when I left the army. All they could offer me was my old job back and I declined that.

Military Service

Two months after my graduation from Tulane my draft notice came. I would have to enter as an enlisted man, not as an officer, as there was no budget for any kind of direct commission in the

Medical Service Corps of the Army where I had applied. I was slated to undergo basic training at Fort Dix, New Jersey. I spent the next five months at Fort Dix and it was a difficult time for me. No one wanted to hear that I was a professional social worker and I could not get a classification as one. They needed foot soldiers. So I had to go into training as a "heavy weapons infantryman". This is just about the worst military assignment one can have. First of all the infantry does all the fighting and they do it by carrying their own heavy weapons on their backs. We had mortars and bazooka rockets and other heavy equipment we had to learn how to use, not to mention drills on the firing range, forced marches of over twenty miles carrying heavy packs, and sleeping in fox-holes or pup-tents. It was so cold at times that our breath froze against the walls of the pup-tents so that we could not fold them to move out in the morning. I did not survive this ordeal without almost getting pneumonia. About thirty or forty percent of trainees in the winter usually had problems with upper-respiratory infections and they had to be taken out of their units, often hospitalized, and then returned to another company to resume their training cycle where they had left off. This happened to me. It was about ten years before I ever went camping again! When basic training was all over it did, however, give me a good feeling. I was now in great shape, had a good weight, and had survived some terrible weather out in the open.

There was one incident during basic training that actually resulted in my being hospitalized for upper respiratory problems. It was my physical examination to become an officer, as I shall explain. The incident that led to my hospitalization happened like this. While at Fort Dix I frequently had a week-end pass which I spent in New York, about an hour and a half away on the New Jersey Turnpike. Once, while at home, I saw a "Meet the Press" broadcast featuring Anna Rosenberg who was President Truman's Secretary of Defense in Charge of Manpower. She was talking about our service men and their families needing social services. I thought that was ironic because I couldn't even be classified as a social worker. Thus I wrote her a letter spelling out what had happened to me with my earlier application for a commission and some other matters she was talking about. It is always risky to write letters to Washington because the commanding officers don't like this and will then take it out on the poor letter-writer. For me it was a risk worth taking as I had nothing to lose. I was lucky. It must have been a good letter. One day, on the rifle range, the Captain drove up and shouted "Goldmeier!" I answered, and he told me, muddy boots and all, to get into his car. He said he was taking me to Battallion Headquarters and asked me if I had written to my Congressman. I truthfully answered "No" because the Captain had not thought about the possibility that I could have written to another high government official. At headquarters, another officer showed me a letter from Anna Rosenberg, dated January 19th, 1953, a day before Rosenberg and the whole Truman administration left office, telling the army to commission me forthwith. Just one other wrinkle appeared, however. It was suddenly discovered that I was too sick to be an officer. It might be noted that I had earlier gone to the dispensary (sick call) with the same problem but, not having temperature, I was sent back to my regular duties. The army seemed to have a simple rule for enlisted men--as long as you have no temperature you're alright. As an officer, however my throat infection was considered important and, after the routine medical exam officer candidates are given, I was immediately hospitalized for complete "voice rest". After my hospitalization of about four weeks, with no treatment except "rest", I was back to where I started. Truman was out by then, Eisenhower was in, and we now had even stricter budget cuts. I headed back to another unit to finish my basic

training, but now with the weather fortunately a little warmer.

I just about gave up on my commission but now tried to qualify as an interpreter in French and German. I had heard that if a soldier spoke a foreign language, the army might send him overseas to that theater of operations. To me, going to Europe was definitely better than going to Korea, although I was prepared to go where they sent me. I was now proud to be an American and I considered serving in the army an obligation I should not shirk, although I was willing to bargain for the best assignment possible. I passed the German exam and this time luck was with me. I was sent to Camp Kilmer, New Jersey, to await assignment to Europe, still in the infantry however.

When mother found out that I was headed for Europe, she immediately went out to buy a dozen nylon stockings for me to give away as presents. I first resisted this offer but, mother knew that nylon stockings were much desired in post-war Europe, and in her thoughtful way, she anticipated I might meet a girl who would be delighted. They were light and I put them in the pockets of my fatigue uniform hoping that no-one would see them and perhaps think that I had some kind of fetish. When I arrived in Europe it did not take me long to give them away.

After a two-week trip on a troop-ship my unit debarked in Bremerhaven, a port in Northern Germany which was an American base. Another day on the train brought us to Zweibruecken, the army classification center for, at the time, Germany and France. I was assigned to an armored unit in Wuerzburg, very near to where father's family came from. Still on the look-out for the best possible assignment I again used the principle of "what have I got to lose". In the first place, I was very ambivalent about being stationed in Germany after all the Germans had done to the Jews. It had only been fourteen years since I had left as a child. Also I heard that the unit I was going to was in training, out in the fields much of the time, and I had enough training and camping-out. So I decided to go back to the Colonel who had assigned me, using the ruse that the Sergeant said I should return to see him which was barely true. Obviously, if everyone who did not like their assignment could negotiate it, the army would really be in trouble! In any case I now came back to the fact that I was a social worker and wanted to be assigned to a medical outfit. I tried to make the case that the army could use people like me. Indeed they could, it turned out. There were no assignments in the medical field in Germany, but in France the army still lived in tents and few soldiers wanted to go there. The Colonel offered me a classification of "Corpsman" and I accepted immediately. Corpsmen in the army are, basically, assistants to the nurses with great variations in what they do. With additional training they can set bones like an orthopaedist but with less training they can be emptying bedpans. Whatever my job would be, I reasoned that once in a hospital it would not be too hard to obtain a transfer to Neuropsychiatry or some department concerned with mental health. I also reasoned that I spoke German already and now might be a good time to learn more French, see France, and become familiar with the French culture. I was lucky again and soon found myself in Paris where I had coffee at the Cafe de la Paix on the Place de l'Opera prior to taking another train at Gare Austerlitz that would take me to La Rochelle, my new assignment.

La Rochelle, its port, and the surrounding area is a very beautiful part of France and fortunately it is at its best in the summer when I was there. I was assigned to a small station hospital

with perhaps fifty beds located in an old converted building in the middle of the town. The French population was not that fond of the Americans. There was a Communist mayor for instance. Fortunately we did not live in town where there had been some incidents. Instead, the army had developed a muddy field about twelve miles away and the soldiers lived in tents, each with about twenty people. The tents for sleeping and those for administration were connected by wooden planks to keep out the mud. The little village nearby was called Croix Chapeau. Army trucks brought us in and out of the city.

I did not mind the living situation that much and took advantage of every recreational opportunity I could, such as a three-day pass to San Sebastian in the Basque country of Spain. We were also taken with trucks or busses to Les Sables d'Olonne which has a beautiful beach and is close to Brittany. The Isle de Ree nearby was accessible by ferry on a day trip. I understand that this island is now built up but when I was there in 1953 it still had many German fortifications. These fortifications extended to the port of La Rochelle where the Germans built huge concrete bunkers to shelter their submarines. These bunkers had withstood all the allied bombing.

As for my assignment at the hospital, true to the Colonel's prediction, I became a corpsman. As a new man, I was given the night shift and the work was very menial. I was, however, able to develop a relationship with the psychiatrist who had me assigned to him after about a month. The hospital had no psychiatry department as it was too small, and any more serious cases, as is customary in the army, were transferred to a larger hospital. The next step up for a more seriously ill soldier would have been the small General Hospital in Orleans serving all of France, then the larger 97th General Hospital in Frankfurt serving all of Europe, and then to a really large hospital in the US like Walter Reed in Washington, D.C. I was quite happy working with the psychiatrist, a Dr. Stern, and I did mostly evaluations. The decisions to be made were mainly whether to return a soldier to his base or to forward him on for further treatment.

Socially, La Rochelle was not interesting. It was hard to meet people, especially girls. Because we were dependent on army transportation to get to our little rural hide-away where the French were less reminded of our presence, we could not stay in town just when we wanted. Many of the Jewish soldiers gathered on Friday nights for services and a social hour. We had Manischewitz chicken soup and other such ethnic foods when Jewish organizations sent them to the chaplain. The chaplain was very good and interested in all of us. He traveled a great deal to all the other bases as well but he was in La Rochelle most often. He and I became friends and we developed a "bible study" period for ourselves. I wanted to know religious and ethical perspectives and the chaplain wanted to get some psychological insights. We had some good discussions, starting with the expulsion of Adam and Eve from the Garden of Eden.

Then, one day towards the end of the summer of 1953, came another surprise. I was called to headquarters and asked did I finally want my commission as a Second Lieutenant. I could have it for two or three years which made for a slightly longer period of military service. I accepted the two-year offer immediately. I thought it was worth staying in the army a little longer because I would have a more responsible job in a more interesting environment. Thus began the second phase

of my military career. I was "pinned" by a Colonel in a low-key ceremony, i.e., I had the gold bar of a Second Lieutenant attached to my uniform, and I was then whisked out of the barracks to spend a few days with the personnel officer until my new assignment came through.

My new assignment was just outside Orleans, on the Loire River, in a little village called La Chapelle St. Mesmin. The setting was again beautiful. The Americans had developed a hospital around what remained of a church, something new combined with something old. This was the 58th General Hospital, the largest army hospital in France. The hospital had a Neuropsychiatry department and I was to set up the Social Work department which, in this case, was part of Neuropsychiatry. The job looked challenging. We again evaluated patients mainly on the basis of two criteria. We had to identify those soldiers who wanted to be good soldiers, but couldn't make it because of emotional or mental health related problems, and those soldiers who could make it in the service if they wanted to but, so we thought, were just antisocial and constantly in trouble. For the latter category a discharge, often not honorable, might be recommended, while the former might receive some treatment and, if they had to be discharged, it was likely to be honorably. We also had problems with alcoholism and family relationships. Many officers and some enlisted men had their families with them and, because many had married into a different culture while on another overseas assignment, there were some cultural issues as well.

My duties involved some of the usual chores allotted to junior officers, like being in charge of receipts for the movies we ran, responsibility for sundry equipment from baseball gloves to cassettes in the Radiology department, or going through the belongings of a soldier who had died so that nothing incriminating, such as pictures of nude women, would be returned to the next of kin.

There was no sense yet that by going through someone's belongings we were invading privacy. Soon, new men were assigned to my department so that eventually I was supervising about six men. As we all could not fit into one office, I developed a schedule where always one or two social workers would be out in the field visiting local army-dependents' schools or medical clinics on outlying bases.

There their task was to trouble-shoot any existing mental health problems. This was a real innovation of which I was very proud. In short, my new job was a real challenge, especially for someone barely out of school. I had this assignment for about two years, until my return to the United States.

As for my living situation, I was very fortunate again. The bachelor officers in our unit had no provisions for accommodations and so we all had to live "on the French economy", as it was called. That meant that we were given a very generous subsidy to our salaries and told to find whatever living situation we wanted. We could also eat our food where we wanted, including any French restaurant we chose. I was delighted. I first rented a room by the week at the Hotel de la Gare in Orleans, a hotel opposite the train station at the end of a large square. The square was the center of town and it was filled with bicyclists and cars at rush hours. I soon acquired a car also, as befitted my greater freedom. It was an Opel that I bought at a special rate for servicemen as it was a General Motors car made near Frankfurt. The hotel was not luxurious. In fact, the heating was so bad that I had to buy my own heater and hide it when not using it because it would have been considered a

fire hazard and a drain on electricity. However, the hotel had a wonderful restaurant. I had my usual table in the dining room and any unfinished bottle of wine I had started previously would be immediately brought to me. The service in the restaurant was very slow, however, as is quite common in French provincial restaurants. I seldom had company for my evening meal but in France it is not at all unusual to see solitary diners. I developed a habit of studying the *France Soir*, the easier-to-read evening newspaper, between courses with the aid of my trusty dictionary. I did this to boost my knowledge of French and to make constructive use of the waiting times. The priority at this point was to learn about French menus, the French for maintaining my new car, and then expand to whatever I could learn from going "shopping". My shopping mainly consisted of going into stores to practice my French with the sales people. I did not buy much except the beautifully looking desserts in the windows. The PX, the army "store", was much cheaper and had no taxes so that is where we went for anything major.

I was quite happy in the hotel for a while but then, when the opportunity came along to rent a room with a French family, I did that. The room was small but adequate, no private bath of course --I took my showers in the hospital, but I could use the kitchen in the mornings and early evening. When I did not want to go to a restaurant I bought a delicious "biftec", a steak cut the French way that one can just cook in a pan, with some salt, and eat with a can of potatoes and string beans or whatever the PX was selling. The family consisted of a single woman in her forties, who kept her distance but was very nice. She was Jewish, but did not bring up her children as Jewish. Her husband was killed in the war and I could see that she still seemed to mourn him. There was a boy of about sixteen and a girl of fourteen who were rarely in the house and were constantly talking with their own slang on the phone or to each other. I could not get them to give me French lessons. So my hope that this greater exposure to French would help me was not fully realized. Still, the accommodations were adequate. I could park my car on the wide sidewalk, and it was only about an eight-mile commute to work. Best of all, I was about an hour-and-half from the Porte d'Orleans, the southern entrance to Paris, even using the road one had to take before the present autoroute was built. I went to Paris every week-end except when I was on duty as OD.

The OD in the Medical Service Corps, my branch of the army, is the administrative officer for the day who basically substitutes for the Commanding Officer and handles what the CO would handle were he on duty. He is teamed up with a medical OD, a physician who has to handle emergencies. Sometimes, when someone like me who knew little about hospital administration is teamed up with a pathologist who has not seen a live patient for a while it can be quite a ludicrous, MASH-like situation. However, applying some common sense mostly got one through.

There is one more step I took to make my French provincial life a little more interesting. There was a Berlitz Language School in town and I thought they might give me a job teaching. I thought that would provide a pick-up to my intellectual and social life. I approached the director and he liked the idea. He added that he couldn't pay me very much whereupon I replied that I would be very happy to do it for nothing. At first he would not accept the latter proposition but asked me, as a foreigner, to obtain a work-permit at the local Gendarmerie (police station). I tried to do as he suggested and when I went to the police, it was a big joke for them." Why would you want to work?

Don't they pay you enough?" were some of the remarks made while they all laughed hilariously. However, never lacking another bureaucratic resource, they nevertheless sent me to a Social Security office. When the same happened there, I went back to the Berlitz director who graciously accepted me to teach after all. I substituted for some classes in German or English. His conscience would not permit that I be paid nothing, so every week I received an envelope with some cash, about enough to pay for a meal or my laundry. The experience was a good one. I learned how respectful the French could be of their teachers. For example no student would enter the door of the classroom before the teacher, and if I dropped my chalk people would practically crack their heads bending over to pick it up for me. I was not ever to see such manners again. The Berlitz technique was interesting too. It was very simple. All lessons, using their textbook, had to do with scenes in a train-station, a garage, a department store and so forth, and so one teacher could substitute for another very easily.

Having now set the scene, in terms of my work assignment and my week-day life in Orleans, I will now discuss just a few of the more interesting "war-stories", as they are sometimes called, really events or situations that I was in even though, thankfully, there really was no war in France. There was only General de Gaulle, then President of France, who wanted to get rid of the Americans and managed to do it a year after I left.

Having just mentioned "Mash", the popular TV series about a field hospital during the Korean war, there is one incident that I experienced that would have made some good material for the show. Only this was real. I was on duty one evening as OD when I answered the telephone and a voice barked, "This is General(giving his name which I fortunately recognized as the Commanding Officer of the whole US Army in France), my dog swallowed a bone and is running around coughing. Can you send an ambulance to my house at once to bring me and my dog to the hospital? I snapped to even on the telephone and said "Yes Sir", wondering about the legality of all this. The General also said I should call the MP's (military police) to go to the house of our Veterinarian (in the army their job now was to check that the food was sanitary seeing there no longer was a cavalry) or have the MP's go to as many bars in Orleans as possible to see if he was there. No sooner said, then done. However, by the time the General arrived the Vet had still not been found. Naturally we involved the medical OD as well. He said frankly that he had never had a case like this before and really did not know what to do. We all made the strategic decision to let the dog run around a bit longer, coughing away. The story ended happily; the dog got rid of the bone and the General went away pleased.

There are two other OD stories I can relate. One was a situation where I had to send an ambulance out to bring in an unconscious wife of a serviceman. I did so and the ambulance brought back the woman who was "DOA", dead on arrival. An investigation showed that the ambulance left without a stretcher and, naturally, someone had to be blamed. Second Lt. Goldmeier's job, it turned out, was to be sure that the ambulance was properly equipped. Of course I had never dreamed that this was also part of my job, not to mention how a driver and a corpsman could take off without such basic equipment. In any case, after some talk of reprimands, I was cleared because the woman was dead before she went into the ambulance. The driver also had redeemed himself by carrying her

on her mattress. The second story was a very simple one involving a medical OD who was irritated by people coming in as emergencies because they did not want to wait during regular clinic hours. One day I was on duty with our pathologist, the one who sometimes let me watch him do autopsies, when a lady came in and asked the doctor demandingly "Doctor, what's wrong with me?". The pathologist replied unphased, "Lady, if you were dead I could tell you".

The rest of my tour of duty might be separated into how I spent my weekends in Paris and my travels around Europe, sometimes in my Opel and sometimes by plane and train. First the Paris weekends. On Saturdays, I would usually leave with about two or three other young men, mostly social workers in my department. With one of them, Peter Kollish who was also from New York, I developed a friendship that has lasted until now. He was married at the time and he and his French wife tried to fix me up on dates. Most of the other men were young and single, like me, and our similar interests drew us together. And so I violated another army norm, not to socialize with enlisted men. In our hospital, because professional people generally did not like to be told what to do, we did not take all these army rules too seriously. We even dressed quite sloppily and many of us did not know where to pin on our insignia. Sometimes a few of us roamed around Paris, going to the bars and nightclubs, and sometimes I even went alone. When I went with the guys, I was much in demand because I was beginning to speak French quite well even though the girls we met were quite good in English. Many of the girls we met this way were, of course, not paragons of virtue, but they were interesting. They enjoyed talking with us too except when they were otherwise busy. I knew even then that half their "stories" were probably concocted.

Paris can be a lonely place when one is alone and I sometimes was. When I was alone, I occasionally went to a nightclub and sat at the bar with the other men who were looking around. The girls who did the dance numbers would go to the bar and socialize. These girls were better educated and, although they danced topless, they seemed to be higher up on the social scale. One told me she was studying the ballet, and dancing in the club was her part-time work. As for ballet, Paris was at that time and probably still is one of the most popular of destinations for a ballet company, like Sadlers Wells from England, the Bolshoi from Moscow, and the Copenhagen company. Either alone or with a friend, I went to many ballets, especially when I first arrived in Orleans. I particularly liked the ballet because I did not have to understand French to enjoy it. Later I went more often to the Opera and to the Opera Comique where I saw performances like "The Tales of Hoffman" and "Carmen". I went less often to the theater because this was the hardest to understand and I would usually have to go with a French person. It was usually easy to obtain very good seats that were quite inexpensive because of the favorable exchange rate for the dollar. There were also two excellent symphony orchestras which often featured soloists like Walter Gieseking, a great pianist at the time, who caused some controversy because he was German and had played for Hitler. The Paris Opera, interestingly, looks imposing from outside, and from inside near the stairs and foyer. But the stage seemed primitive and it is no wonder the French now have a really modern opera house near the Bastille. I once saw Jean Phillippe Rameau's "Les Indes Galantes" there, a ballet about Native Americans. When the dancers jumped one could hear them land on the parquet with a thud and one could see a cloud of dust.

When out late with friends, we sometimes went to Les Halles. It was then the vegetable market for Paris, like Covent Garden was to London, and we went there to have rich onion soup with cheese and croutons that would be hard to beat anywhere else. After midnight it was always a bustling place until the early morning. Les Halles no longer exists.

Sundays were often museum days and I went to nearly all the major ones sooner or later. Of course some, like the Pompidou museum and the one in the Gare d'Orsay had not been built or renovated yet. In fact the Gare d'Orsay was a central point for airlines where one checked baggage and took the limousine. Just plain sight-seeing was also on the agenda and this included occasional trips to the Jewish section in St. Paul, near the Hotel de Ville (City Hall), where I sometimes had a meal of chicken soup with matzo balls and other familiar delicacies that recaptured my roots. When I had a girlfriend I might, however, go to a nice park with her. For example there was St. Germaine en Laye, an area that Karen got to know later, where one could stroll around a gazebo, like the people in the impressionist paintings, and listen to light marches or operetta music. Or, one could sit in a nearby bistro, sip coffee, and have a delicious fruit tart. Usually I returned to Orleans after my Sunday evening meal which I might eat in a restaurant on the Boulevard St. Michel on the left bank. This road led straight to Orleans about one or two hours away. In short, Paris was a cultural, educational, social, and recreational opportunity that was hard to pass up. I was fortunate to be able to take advantage of what it had to offer.

When in Paris, I would usually stay in a small, quiet hotel just off the Boulevard Faubourg Poissonnere. It was near the Place de la Republique, a central spot in Paris not far from the Place de l'Opera. I was known there, and the owner always treated me well. The room was reasonable and, as I did not smoke, I sometimes exchanged my generous cigarette ration for a night or two.

Socially, it continued to be difficult to meet people. Many established French families tended to be polite and outwardly friendly towards Americans but they did not quite trust them. After all, no one knew a soldier's family pedigree and, with so little corroborating evidence, why would anyone believe what an American, already with a reputation for being somewhat grandiose, would tell them. I was in this category even though my accent, when I speak French, is not American. In fact, when I had the French guess my ethnicity and nationality they often said I was the "type Italienne". Once I went to the University of Paris campus on the outskirts to eat in their student cafeteria and to see what the atmosphere was like there, but I did not have much success meeting people. Most successful was meeting someone through a friend or through contacts in the Jewish community. Our local chaplain was very good in ferreting out social events, such as a dance that might be put on by Zionist organizations and others. He also did a good job of placing Jewish soldiers in Jewish homes for Passover Seder, and I did this once, spending an evening with a family who lived near Sacre Coeur.

Thus, after some trial and error, I finally began to meet more people, especially girls. Altogether, I had three girlfriends, in succession naturally, during the twenty months or so I was stationed near Paris. One was a Brazilian girl from Belo Horizonte who was in France for an extended stay, and two others were Jewish girls I met at dances described above at which the

American "boys" were always welcome. The Brazilian girl, named Dea, spoke no English while I spoke no Portuguese but we never had difficulty understanding each other. Being forced to speak French was good for me even though Dea's vocabulary was better than her accent. We spent some nice weekends in Paris and also went on a two week vacation to Italy. We stopped in France on the Cote d'Azur, between Nice and Monte Carlo, went down the coast to Pisa , Leghorn , Rome, Pompei, Sorrento, Capri and back to Rome, Florence, Venice , Lake Magiore, the Simplon pass over the Alps, to Lausanne, Geneva, Lyon and back to Orleans That was in my Opel with two army five-gallon cans in the trunk, filled with inexpensive gasoline at American bases en route. The trip was a memorable one. However, the relationship was not to last as we were so different from one another.

The next relationship was with a Jewish girl, Monique. She had had a hard time during the war as a small child. She had been shoved under some barbed wire into Switzerland where she spent the war. She still had a scar on her knee from this escape. Her parents also saved themselves. Monique was sitting with her parents at one of these dances and I had asked her to dance. I followed American custom and would call for her at her house near the Place de la Republique before I discovered that this is not customary in France. Young men and women usually met at Metro exits, especially when the relationship is new! Going to a girl's house already means that one is "serious". In fact the mother did address me with a question that is quite common in these instances, "Est-ce que vous etes serieux?". The question is something like "What are your intentions -- are they serious?". It is a question that can make a young man uncomfortable, and I was no exception. In any case, she was better educated than Dea and I went more often to the theatre with her. Her French was also very good, the family having been in France for a generation .

After Monique was Giselle Bloch who was only eighteen when I met her, again at a dance where she was with her parents. Giselle was about to take her Bachaut (high school graduation exam). With my being about twenty-five at the time, the age difference was a problem. She was a really nice girl and I felt she would develop eventually into a much more mature person. Still we had many nice dates going to places and doing things already mentioned. After I returned to the United States in 1955 we kept in touch and I returned to France in 1958 to spend a summer with her and her family where they vacationed in Arcachon on the South-East coast. I was quite serious about her but by then she was studying to be a children's dentist. She loved France and could not seem to leave France or her parents, while I saw little future in France professionally. And so this came to nought as well.

Meanwhile, I was trying to use up all my leave for travel in Europe before coming home. I tried to obtain three-day passes as well. Many of the latter were to Germany. Some were business-related as I had contact with a lawyer who was trying to get restitution for us from the Germans. He had his office in Frankfurt near the Freiherr von Steinstrasse where uncle Jakob and his family lived. I remembered that the office was very near the park where I had been ambushed on my bicycle years before and then had looked for shelter at my uncle's house. In Germany, I reminisced a fair amount, roaming the familiar streets from the way I remembered their lay-out. Many of the buildings I remembered had been destroyed and still had not been rebuilt. I also remember one week-end when

I went to the Carnival (Fasching in German) in Mainz, mother's birthplace. I drove with the car to the Gare du Nord, used a garage, and took the night-train, about eight hours, allowing me two full days in Germany. This kind of travel was actually illegal by army rules as I was supposed to have permission if I traveled that far from my base. However, I was no longer the good little boy I always was and took some chances. Fortunately I always got away with them. As for taking chances, I spent two weeks traveling in Greece, Cyprus, Turkey, Egypt, and Israel. My passport actually read that it was good for travel to Israel and "necessary countries en route". By no stretch of the imagination, was Egypt en route to Israel. At the time, Egypt was still in a state of war with Israel, having only an armistice, and they would not admit Jews from anywhere in the world and certainly no-one from Israel. However, I had heard that Egypt was accessible via Cyprus and their consulate in Athens certified me as not being Jewish so that I was able to obtain a visa. Earlier, when I had tried to obtain a visa at the Egyptian Embassy in Paris I had answered their question about my religion truthfully and was denied the visa. I had decided that just this once, in Athens, I would now lie to the Egyptians. Without going into a long description of this trip, so soon after the State of Israel was created, it was really an eye-opener especially the contrast between Egypt, a very old country, and Israel which was old too but was modernizing so quickly. For example, Cairo was a big metropolis laid out something like Washington or Paris with statues and fountains on roundabouts while Israel seemed like a brash new country which had just installed a whole new telephone system with German reparations money.

There were "legal" trips as well, however, where I was officially on leave or on a pass. These took me to England several times. I connected with my cousin Justin and his family around Passover one year and at other times saw my old friends from Stoalety Rough School. I also went on a shopping spree in the West End of London, in stores like Simpsons, before my discharge. I still have an almost indestructible blazer from this visit and I can't bear to throw it out. Also I once visited John Obermeyer in Holland, where he was then working, or perhaps it was in Westphalia, going by car through Belgium and Holland.

At this point I should also mention my reaction to being in Germany again, especially following my briefer visits to Frankfurt and, early on, spending a month of "temporary duty" in a military leadership school in Munich for junior officers. The army had decided that I needed some training as an officer after all, so they sent me to this school where I learned map-reading and some military strategy. I went there by car and stopped off to see my cousin, Hugo Guldmann and his family in Strasbourg en route. The school was located in a big caserne (the word is used by the French and Germans as a place where soldiers are quartered) only a few miles from Dachau, the concentration camp. I could never get myself to visit Dachau. I was still at a point where I did not want to be reminded of the horrors that my father had barely escaped.

For me, it was sometimes a matter of controlling my anger that I could barely suppress in the face of denials by many Germans that so many terrible events had taken place. I kept thinking what a particular person I might have met actually did during the war, like did he harm Jews. I was also totally unempathic when Germans told me of their own suffering. I thought they had deliberately brought it on themselves by inviting the same cruelty that they had meted out. In fact,

I wanted to take revenge, and I reasoned something like this. If Germany was such an immoral country, with people still denying their complicity, then that freed me to do just about anything I wanted. But how could I take revenge? I could never kill, as they had done. But could I steal? Perhaps, but then from whom? But what if my intended victim was one of the few who did not go along with Hitler? Well, perhaps there did not have to be a particular victim. Going to a library and stealing a book might do the trick as it would take from the whole community, a fairer alternative. But then, what if I were caught? I did eventually see that all this reasoning seemed to be a little far-fetched and I decided that I better just relax, come to terms with my anger, and try to enjoy the country.

There were, indeed, many attractions. For example, I spent a weekend in the famous ski resort at Garmisch-Partenkirchen in the Alps. I had dinner at the American Officers Club at the Haus der Kunst which served good steak. It had once been a museum that Hitler built and then filled with the stilted paintings he liked. The Americans had taken it over after the war. There were also the beer halls with the Bavarian music and the people linking arms and singing away. Not least, were some of the famous old sights that had escaped bombing. Even the opera was thriving again. I remember a performance of "Der Freischuetz" by Karl Maria von Weber. It was in a temporary theater while work on restoring the main opera house was progressing. All this did help mollify my anger after a while. However, I still devised a little game for my amusement. I played it with the German policemen. I jaywalked. The Germans were still such slavish followers of rules and I teased them about it. For example no-one would cross a road when the "No Walking" sign was on. There would not have to be a car in sight! That was just when I would cross. I would be stopped by a policeman who could not do anything to an American like me.

On our way back to Orleans from Munich a small group of officers and I drove through the French zone where the French were enjoying their occupation too, and then Switzerland. We had dinner in a beautiful restaurant on the Bodensee (Lake Constance) which the French had converted into an Officers Club that served great wines and food.

I was now getting to the end of my military service. In May 1955 I returned to the US, this time on a more comfortable troopship with four officers per cabin. We were segregated from the enlisted men except for certain events like religious services. I acted as the Jewish chaplain much to the delight of everyone as there was no Jewish chaplain on board. I held "services" almost daily, securing a large cabin where anyone, enlisted men or officers, could gather. We all had a fine time away from the crowds but the Jewish "content" of these meetings was mainly the ethnic origin of the participants. The military principle here was that any officer most nearly qualified could take over the functions of one who was qualified but who was indisposed or simply not assigned. So that is how I was appointed chaplain. The same principle also once got me involved as a defense attorney for a soldier accused of stealing something. I had planned a defense which involved calling his Commanding Officer to the stand and then getting him to admit that he had not provided adequate orientation about army rules, something that was required of him. I thought this way I could, at least, get a lighter sentence for my client as there was much evidence that the soldier was guilty. However, somehow, word got out about my strategy and I was removed from the case.

And so my years of army service ended. I had accumulated many memories and some tangible items as well, like my Opel automobile, which came back on the ship with me. I had stuffed it with spare parts on the advice of German mechanics, and I kept these parts in the trunk as long as I had the car. My car inside my car was the butt of many jokes, but the idea worked.

Resuming Civilian Life and Professional Changes

When I returned, I resumed living with mother and with my stepfather, Joe, again in the basement of the house in Forest Hills, New York. I had some decisions that I now had to make about the kind of job I wanted. It seemed that, after the army, civilian life was quite unreal. On the other hand, maybe my army life had been unreal! I had responsibilities and privileges in the army that few people my age would have had in civilian life and perhaps this made me a little too cocky. In social work, I soon learned, no one could really relate to my military experience. Sometimes I felt that people evaluating my credentials when I applied for jobs were quite ignorant about social work in the army. If they were younger, they may also have been uncomfortable with me because of their manipulations to stay out of the army, going so far as using deferments such as marriage and having children. On my part, I did have to recognize that I would have to start learning more about the clinical end of social work as my experience so far had been largely administrative. Also, we did not do much psychotherapy in the army where knowing the system and helping a client navigate it was about eighty percent of the work.

To start off, I decided to take a job as a unit leader in an old, quite well-known Jewish agency summer camp, Surprise Lake. Many of the musicians, actors, and comedians from the old lower East side had gone there, for example Eddie Cantor. I was to be in charge of about thirty-five boys about twelve years old, and their five counselors who were still in their teens. It turned out that the counselors were more trouble than the boys. The counselors smoked pot, were rebellious, and commanding a hundred soldiers would have been easier. In any case, I got through the summer and learned a lot, but except for some recreational time in the evenings when the staff of both the girls' and boys' division could get together, the summer was not a great one.

From 1955 to 1956 I then worked for an experimental program in the New York City school system. It was based on "reaching out" to what were then called multi-problem families who were mostly poor with at least one child showing problems in school. We worked in a run-down South Bronx neighborhood. We received referrals from teachers and worked with the whole family because the major problem could actually be much broader than the child's behavior. The philosophy of this approach was hopeful but also somewhat naive, as we now know. We have since learned that psychotherapy or even supportive casework will not alone solve complex problems. Tangible support and resources are needed also. The project did, however, establish the more novel idea that people could be motivated to help themselves. Not everyone who is eventually helped started out wanting it. We had found that we were frequently well received even when we entered a situation uninvited. It reminded me of my reception by families in Harlem when I brought them dispossession notices and stayed on to explain what it all meant.

One day, while working for the New York City school system, I received a letter from Columbia University inviting me to apply to their doctoral program which the university was expanding. There was a special program to reach professionals under the age of thirty. I was twenty-eight at the time. The admissions office had found me as a result of letters to the major American graduate school deans in social work asking for recommendations for promising applicants. The letter to me came at a good time because I seemed to be at a crossroads where I realized that, with salaries in my profession relatively low, any additional knowledge and the credentials that came with it would be advantageous. Incidentally, I also began to discover that doing social work while actually classified as something else increased one's salary. Thus in the army I was paid as an officer, the same as any other officer. At the Board of Education, I was to learn later, I was paid as a teacher with "extra" training. And, in the university still later, I was paid as a professor, similar to professors in other fields. Somehow the norms in our society suggested that a profession working with a largely disadvantaged population should forgo higher salaries because they had to be "dedicated". I did not, however, think I had taken a vow of poverty when I became a social worker, dedicated as I might be. Thus, acquiring another degree, when Ph.D.'s in Social Work were relatively rare, seemed like a good idea. I still had not totally dropped the idea of getting a law degree, but I consulted a well-known law faculty member at New York University who told me that most people who combined the two professions ended up doing one or the other, which is still probably true. An additional inducement was that, if I applied to and was accepted by Columbia, I would receive a complete tuition scholarship plus a low but adequate stipend. It would have been almost sinful to turn this down!

And so I enrolled at Columbia University. The year there was a strenuous one. I was kept very busy with some difficult courses like statistics and a challenging advanced internship at a fine social agency. The agency was the Jewish Board of Guardians (JBG) which had child guidance clinics and some residential centers all over New York. Every graduate seemed to want to work there, especially as a first job, and I had not been successful when I applied there earlier. I was totally exhausted after that first doctoral year and competition for a scholarship for the second year was intense. Many of my fellow students were much older and more experienced, and some were even Deans at other schools. I also had to just about put my social life on "hold" during the year because I simply had no energy left from my studies. Consequently, when the year was up, I decided I would try to continue to work at JBG where I had been an intern while at Columbia. This time a position was offered to me. The additional training would still benefit me and the prestige of the agency at the time was such that a resume that listed the experience would attract attention. I thus went back to work full-time although I never gave up on my desire for an advanced degree, continuing to take a light load of evening courses at Columbia, in the Anthropology department, to satisfy my social science requirements. Completing my degree would have to wait while I paid a little more attention to the other aspects of my life.

Meanwhile, after another year at JBG, I went back to the New York City Board of Education where I worked for the next four years. As I had the summers off, I also worked for the Play Schools Association which pioneered with a summer Head Start program before this concept of pre-school education was incorporated into a vast national program during the Johnson

administration. My job as school social worker was very innovative as we actually had a clinic in Morris High School, in the South Bronx, where we worked with all types of problems brought to us by the students who were referred to us. They included delinquency, under-achievement, and all kinds of psychiatric problems from simple anxiety to depression and psychotic episodes. The highschool at that time had an ethnic mix of Hispanic, Irish, Italian, Jewish, and Black students from Jamaica and the Carribean islands and from different parts of the United States. In fact, General Colin Powell who was the top person at the Pentagon before he retired in 1995 was a student at the school around the time I was there. He was Jamaican and lived in an area heavily populated by Jamaicans. I never knew him, however. The Morris High School clinic was a noble effort to make counseling services easily accessible to students but it was an experiment destined to fail, despite its success, because it was too expensive to be duplicated elsewhere. When the clinic was discontinued I transferred to the main Bronx office where I worked with younger children and their families.

Personal Analysis

Meanwhile, after my year at Columbia University, I tried to develop my social life once again. I was twenty-nine by then and I really wanted to settle down. I was tired of the dating routines which somehow one could not really escape as a single person. I did spend some nice summers, however, at Lake Oscawana, about forty miles north of New York City on the Taconic Parkway. A group of about sixteen young adults, all single, men and women, rented a cottage where we spent alternate week-ends, eight of us at a time. The arrangement worked nicely. It was relaxing because all of us were quite compatible. A few even found their mates there. Ruth Westheimer who later became the famous sex therapist, was part of our group. She was a small person who often did her homework for the courses she was taking at the New School of Social Research while sitting by the lake. I remember telling her one time that perhaps she would be better off taking courses that were a little less academic and more practical -- I could see she was a practical person-- leading to a professional degree in psychology, education, social work, nursing, medicine, or whatever. I wonder if she remembers this unsolicited advice because she did end up with an Education degree from Columbia University. I met a good friend Vernon Mosheim at Oscawana, and though we don't see each other very often, we are still in contact. When I met Dottie, I brought her to the lake quite often and we had some good times together. However, first came my personal analysis.

I undertook a personal analysis during this period mainly because I thought it would help me develop as a person. I had two analysts during the four years it took. Four years was about the conventional time for such a project. The first analyst was a more classical Freudian whom I saw four times weekly for a year or two. He had his office on East 89th Street, adjoining what is now the Guggenheim Museum on 5th Avenue. At the time I started, the museum was in the building stage. It is a building looking like a mushroom, conceived by the architect Frank Lloyd Wright, with a huge spiral ramp where modern paintings are displayed. Sometimes, during a session, it was hard being heard because of the noise as pilings were sunk into the ground for the foundation. The second analyst saw me only twice weekly. He thought that was enough. With the first, I lay on a couch with the analyst behind me. I dutifully brought in my dreams and "free-associated" about them. With the

second it was somewhat less impersonal. We faced each other, both seated in comfortable chairs. I had plenty of dreams for this analyst as well, in fact writing them down at night if I woke up! Psychoanalysis, despite many who even then differed with Sigmund Freud, was still very much in vogue and was very much desired if one wanted to engage in psychotherapy. Still, I was never really ready to swallow everything Freudian, and nor were my two analysts. Thus, we were quite compatible and I gained a number of insights into myself. Of course the question remains whether I would have come to these insights on my own in the course of everyday life. Even if so, it might have taken longer and I was probably in a hurry!

I should add that the reason I switched analysts mid-stream was that my first one died. I think he must have had diabetes because he had bad eyesight. Of course this is pure speculation as the person who is analyzed usually learns little about his analyst's personal life unless the analyst writes a revealing book or is encountered on the street in a casual situation. My second analyst was less hung up about personal exchanges and, in fact, later attended Dottie's and my wedding with his flamboyant wife whom he subsequently divorced.

Analysts were expensive, but they did make allowances that made it possible for an ordinary person to pay the fee. Many of those undergoing analysis were professionals in the human services like future psychiatrists, clinical psychologists, and social workers already practicing but not making great salaries. Where I worked, both at JBG and later at the Board of Education, I was given time off to take the subway to keep my appointments. This was an important work benefit because to complete one appointment took two hours, for which I would receive an extended lunch hour. Employers rarely paid the fee, however. I would avoid taking the car because trying to park it on the East side of New York would be stressful and might make one late. Coming late, especially all stressed out, is never a good idea in any therapeutic situation. Going into analysis seemed a good move for me at my stage in my life for both professional and personal reasons.

First, however, there was a little game to play with the Internal Revenue Service. The IRS was very clear that if one was in analysis for personal reasons, then the money it cost could be deducted from one's income tax. If, however, the analysis was for vocational advancement it was not. In reality, of course, an analysis was usually for both of these purposes at the same time but almost invariably one told the IRS that the reason was personal in order to obtain the tax deduction. The game went on. In my case, I had a conservative employer, the Board of Education, where the thinking was that if one went for psychotherapy or analysis there must be something wrong that would make that person suspect about working with children. So I then turned around and told the Board of Education that the reason for my analysis was professional advancement. Playing this kind of game seemed to work all the four years because the two bureaucracies never communicated with each other.

The professional reason for undergoing analysis was basically that, in most situations, it would help the mental health practitioner in becoming more self-aware in a treatment context. This would, hopefully, protect the client from the therapist's personal inclinations that might not be therapeutic, like a need to dominate and control. Expectations for gratitude, unrealistic demands

for change too early, and keeping clients dependent longer than necessary, were other problems with which psychotherapists had to grapple if they were to be honest with themselves and their clients. Sooner or later I worked on most of these problems as I had a large counseling caseload. My analysis certainly fostered my professional growth while it also provided me with an additional qualification.

The personal reasons for my analysis seemed to be more pressing, however. I was now twenty-eight years old. When I started analysis I was still living at home. There may have been quite good reasons to live at home, some realistic and some more psychological. Still, however, the question had to be raised whether living at home fostered the independence that a young adult needs to feel. In my case, not living with my own family for six years during my earlier development, could certainly have delayed the process of becoming independent now, notwithstanding my five years or so in graduate school and in the army. Ironically, psychoanalysis may have actually increased my dependence on both the analyst and my mother for support, but this is an aspect of any therapeutic situation that is too complex to discuss here. The lowered fees I had to pay the analyst and the inexpensive rent that I had always paid mother and Joe for the basement in Forest Hills seemed necessary at that time so that I still could retain some spending money, enough for what a young man needed. Of course my days of sitting in the orchestra in theaters, as I had done in Paris, were over. Nevertheless, something must have worked because two years into my analysis I moved to my own apartment. Mother was very supportive and she helped a great deal, both in finding a nice studio apartment on 67th Street in Forest Hills and then helping me furnish it. Mother had very good taste, knew her merchandise, and always had been a model for me in that respect. She went about helping me with this move in her typical way, using contacts to find the apartment and finding the stores to pick out the furnishings I needed. It turned out that I could manage much better than I had thought and I was quite happy in my new bachelor apartment. Of course, I lived near mother and visited a fair amount, sometimes eating there and doing my laundry.

The other personal issue that I was grappling with was the pattern of my relationships with the girls I had been dating. A number of times prior to my analysis I had been serious about a girl but things had never worked out. Of course, many dating relationships don't work out and that is as it should be as a couple sees, hopefully in time, that they are not compatible. I thought, however, that I could now see a pattern. It was basically as follows. When I went with a non-Jewish girl, as happened a number of times, she was generally ready to convert to Judaism even though I was not necessarily all that close to proposing marriage. However, it must have been clear that I was giving out signals that religion was important to me even though I was not a very observant Jew. At the point where the girl was willing to convert I would often flee. At other times I would be serious about a Jewish girl. But my relationships with Jewish girls often seemed to be in the wrong place, like in France, or at the wrong time in her life or mine. I was wondering if this pattern would be likely to continue. If so, I wanted to change it. Interestingly, throughout my analysis, I do not really recall dealing with this problem at depth. Much of the time the analyst and I dealt with current life situations which did include professional and personal relationships, dreams of course, free association, and references to the past. It might have seemed logical that my experiences as a child, growing up in Germany and England at a difficult time, would leave some effect on my sense of

identity as a Jew. However, we never seemed to get a hold of this during my analysis. I was more interested in the present, so it seemed. Nor were my tendencies to hoard and my awareness of security and stability issues, making me at various times in my life a little too risk-averse, really major issues in my analysis. Possibly the religious issues were so unconscious that they were inaccessible even to the analyst. And, as for my different personality traits, perhaps astute professionals believed, even years ago, that if these traits are not too dysfunctional they are best left alone!

CONCLUSION

And so we come to the time I met Dottie, around February 1961. It was a blind date preceded by much telephoning and lengthy conversations. Anyone who knows Dottie also knows how much she still likes to talk on the telephone and, obviously, I was no exception when I called. However, this also has to be understood in a New York context. After all, she was not the girl next door. Dottie lived in New Rochelle and I lived in Forest Hills, a distance away. The date had come about after mother had visited an elderly lady who had lost her husband--mother made many such calls--and they talked of old friends and relatives. The lady was a Mrs. Oppenheimer whose husband was a friend of our grandmother's when mother was quite young. The Oppenheimers were also related to the Frieds, Dottie's father's family. I speculate that mother must have spoken about her bachelor son who, she hoped, would get married some day, the sooner the better. It also turned out that the Frieds had a daughter who had graduated from Cornell a few years before and was now teaching third grade in the New Rochelle school system. Of course, the "older" people always had marriage in the backs of their minds but to the younger ones-- and we were both qualified to be in that category many years ago-- it was just a date. Obviously, neither of us were put off by the idea of a blind date, as is sometimes the case with young people.

Our first date thus was not really so blind. Before I even called Dottie I knew something about her background and I could imagine some of the rest because we both had our German-Jewish origin in common. With Dottie being first generation American, born in New Jersey, I still felt a little bit the foreigner as many of my European habits were still intact. However, I did recognize that Dottie's father had qualities similar to mine, so I was hoping she might better understand me. The phone conversations took away some of the uneasiness that is always there in initial dating situations. Our first date was going to the art show on Main Street in New Rochelle, followed by a ferry ride about which I continue to be teased because both these events were free. The ferry connected New Rochelle with a pleasant little island in the Long Island sound that had belonged to the Army. We did eat in an Italian restaurant later, the idea being that we both seemed to prefer pleasant conversation rather than the frenetic activity that pervaded the singles scene in New York. Still, on subsequent dates we did go dancing, to the theater, and sometimes to a recent movie in Connecticut. In short, I knew pretty quickly that Dottie and I were compatible for romantic reasons as well as for what we shared in our approach to life.

I picked the date, July 20th, 1961 to propose to Dottie. It was my 33rd birthday and I hoped that we would celebrate it at the Tavern on the Green, a lovely New York restaurant in Central Park. If my proposal would be accepted it would be an additional cause for celebration. There is no need to dwell on the outcome. We were married in Larchmont, in Westchester County, December 24th, 1961.

We then lived in an apartment on Pelham Road, overlooking Long Island Sound for about

six months before we both decided to resign our jobs so I could go to the University of Chicago where I would finally study for my Ph.D., my course credits at Columbia having run out. I had been offered a nice stipend in Chicago as well. The years in Chicago were to be busy and productive ones including, importantly, the birth of our children Barry, Karen, and Susan. However, to write about that and what follows, would propel us into the second stage of these memoirs, a task that I will leave to a later time.

In writing these memoirs, it is my hope that particularly those in my family that may read them, now or in the future, will be able to add an additional dimension to their lives. Hopefully, this added dimension will come from knowing a little more about our common origin. Knowing what it took to overcome persecution under the Nazis, to live during the turbulent war years in England, and then to reestablish a more normal life in the United States further complicates the picture. It is my hope that additional insights and new perspectives are gained by reading these memoirs. If this happens, then this whole effort will have been worthwhile.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS:

Editing: Marcia Gorrie
Frank Lyman

Photography and Layout Design: Jerold Gettleman

